

October, 1912.

Price 6d.

# THE QUIVER



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CLEANED  
1/3



"HARRY, SHOULD I SAY—WE ARE IN THE BEST  
OF HEALTH, OR—WE HAVE THE BEST OF HEALTH?"



"OH, JUST SAY—WE TAKE

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**"





## THE QUIVER

Rosy cheeks and plump  
chubby limbs mean proper feeding.

# MELLIN'S

Cows' milk  
alone is not  
the proper food  
for a Baby.

What cows' milk lacks as  
a proper food for Babies

**MELLIN'S FOOD supplies.**

MELLIN'S FOOD is  
the ideal nutriment for the  
hand rearing of healthy  
vigorous Infants.

# FOOD

Sample of Mellin's Food, post free, for two penny stamps.  
Mothers' Handbook, "The Care of Infants," also sent  
free for two penny stamps. Mention this paper.

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.  
PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.



If baby is fretful after his  
bath try Wright's Coal Tar  
Soap and note the peaceful  
content which will follow.

**THE Nursery Soap.**

4d. per Tablet.

### A Hint for Mothers.

The very idea is objectionable that  
children should be liable to have  
nits and other forms of vermin in  
their hair, but such is the case, and,  
unfortunately, one child so affected  
may pass the trouble on to others  
in a remarkably short time. Though  
it is, of course, always wise for a mother to see that  
her children's heads are kept quite clean, merely  
washing is not sufficient to prevent these little pests  
from attaching themselves to the hair. The only per-  
fectly safe and sure way to guard against the trouble is  
to periodically rub into the hair a little of Rankin's  
Head Ointment. Any chemist will supply it for 3d., 6d.,  
or 1s., or it may be obtained direct from Rankin & Co.,  
Kilmarnock, N.B. This ointment should be rubbed  
well into the hair. It will kill all nits, etc. very quickly.



## DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA



is the Best Remedy for  
**ACIDITY of the STOMACH,  
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,  
GOUT and INDIGESTION.**

Safest and most Effective Aperient  
for Regular Use.



THE QUIVER



## TAKEN AFTER MEALS

You cannot look well, be well, or feel well if food remains undigested in your stomach. In that condition it generates poisonous acids which taint your blood and cause constipation, biliousness, headaches, sleeplessness, languor, and depression. Mother Seigel's Syrup tones and strengthens the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restores energy, strength, and the vigour and glow of health. By regulating the system, too, it is the best friend woman can have. Try it yourself to-day!

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"Until I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup food of any kind lay like a load on my stomach, and I suffered greatly from constipation. I had pains at my chest and between my shoulders, and was very weak, often feeling as though I should faint. Various treatments and medicines were tried; but I got no relief until I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. Ten small bottles of that remedy cured me." (Mrs.) AMY PAYNE, Upper Cock Street, Detling Hill, Maidstone.

## ENSURES GOOD DIGESTION

*The 20 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/18 size. Sold also in tablet form, price 2/6.*

## W. HARBROW, Iron Building Works, S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Telephone—Hop 17.

### Design 1033.

**BUNGALOW**, containing Drawing-room, Dining-room, Three Bed-rooms, and usual Offices. Constructed of timber framework, roofing red diagonal asbestos tiles, walls "Rough Cast" plastering.

**Price £280**, including foundations, chimneys, and fittings.



### Design 1054.

**PAVILION**, containing Club, Refreshment and Dining rooms, Two Dressing rooms, Lavatory and Front Verandah.

**Price £125**, delivered and erected on purchaser's foundation.

**110 PAGE CATALOGUE** of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Cottages, Billiard Rooms, Stables Hospitals, Sanatoria Stores, Club Rooms, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Aeroplane and Motor Garages, Skating Rinks, and Electric Theatres, &c., **POST FREE** on mentioning this Publication.

**SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE.**

**THE LARGEST ACTUAL MANUFACTURER IN THE TRADE.**





# HAVE YOU ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

**D**OES your skin get rough and itchy, or are you distressed with recurring outbreaks of pimples and blotches? Is your skin sensitive to weather changes or liable to crack and get sore? If so, your skin is in urgent need of Zam-Buk.

When the tiniest opening in the skin occurs, like a simple crack, "chap," or rubbed pimple on the face or chin, a cut or scratch with thorn or pin, myriads of disease germs will squeeze through and start such grievous complaints as fiery eczema, ulcers, inflamed and festering sores, and blood-poison.

The only effective way to prevent and cure this troublesome skin-mischief is the Zam-Buk way. Zam-Buk is the World's great skin-purifying balm, descendant of the rich herbal healers used by the Roman gladiators. When gently rubbed over the skin Zam-Buk's healing and germ-destroying herbal extracts are absorbed through the pores, which are cleared of all poisonous impurities, while the skin is at the same time efficiently protected against the ravages of cold weather and dangerous disease germs.

## Zam-Buk

ONE TOUCH DISPELS DISEASE.



### As Pure as Pure can be

That is the claim of PESCO Underwear. That is what you know PESCO to be once you examine it for yourself.

This purity comes of pure wool yarns, of perfect manufacturing conditions, of perfect manufacture itself. This purity promises the wearer of PESCO a greater degree of warmth and comfort and a superior sense of security and satisfaction than is possible with Woolens of a lower standard.


You pay nothing extra for this purity. The only extra trouble entailed is that of asking for PESCO by name and making sure (by the trade mark) you are getting what you want.

## PESCO UNDERWEAR

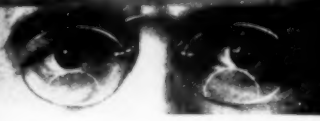
Shrunken Garments Replaced.

PESCO is obtainable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, in all sizes, shapes and textures of Wool and Silk and Wool.

Send today for patterns, leaflets and names of nearest Agents.  
PETER SCOTT & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 8),  
Manufacturers, Hawick, N.B.



### WHICH OF THESE DO YOU PREFER?



**NOTICE** that the Kryptok Double-Vision Lenses are entirely free from seams. Notice that Kryptok Lenses do not suggest old age, as do the usual Cemented Double-Vision Lenses. The Reading Lens is fused invisibly in the Distance Lens. No lodging place for dirt. Kryptok Lenses are perfect for far and near view.

## KRYPTOK LENSES

Write us for Descriptive Booklet.

Your Optician will fit and supply you. Can be put into any style frame or mounting.

**KRYPTOK, Ltd., Letchworth, Herts.**



# WHICH STORY DOES YOUR MIRROR TELL?

Royal Hair-Specialist's Appeal to the Women of England.

## APPALLING INCREASE IN BALDNESS AND HAIR POVERTY DUE TO NEGLECT OF PROPER TREATMENT.

Which story does your mirror tell?  
Which story will it tell in a few years'—months'—possibly weeks'—time?

Unless you are caring for your hair—unless you are giving it a daily two minutes' "Hair-Drill," it will assuredly tell the terrible story of the mirror on the right of this picture.

### AN EARNEST APPEAL.

This danger is not at some far distant day—it is near you now, and Mr. Edwards issues this appeal to the women of England to save their hair before it is too late. Unless you start now—today—your simple "Harlene Hair-Drill" you stand in danger of losing all your tresses. It does not matter if your hair is strong and vigorous to-day, it does not matter if it always has been healthy—unless you start now to give it the treatment it demands, it will sooner or later—possibly within a few weeks or so—begin to show signs of neglect. These are the signs of hair health failing—

**Hair falling out.  
Brittle Hair.  
Losing its elasticity.  
Losing its gloss and lustre.  
Splitting at ends.  
Becoming faded and grey.  
Falling out literally in handfuls.**

If none of these symptoms have shown themselves as yet, do not delude yourself into thinking that all is well with your hair.

Many women—and men, too—in the past have thought so to their sorrow. There is an appalling increase in baldness in England to-day due to this mistaken feeling of security. Mr. Edwards receives daily scores of letters from ladies and gentlemen imploring him to save them from hair poverty.

### THE ONLY REMEDY.

But why hair poverty at all?

Mr. Edwards has been able to restore the health and strength to some hundreds of heads of hair by the use of "Harlene Hair-Drill." But he appeals to you not to wait until your hair has begun to suffer, he appeals to you to start now while your hair is healthy and guard against all the perils which beset your hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" not only mends your hair against all the dangers which threaten it, it will positively restore your hair's health even after years of neglect or improper treatment. Even if your hair has been poor for years "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make it strong and vigorous.

Even if you are quite bald "Harlene Hair-Drill" can and will give you once more gleaming, flowing tresses with the natural glow of health.

So appalling is the increase in hair poverty and baldness in England to-day that many people have come to regard falling and thinning hair as natural and unpreventable. Mr. Edwards, with the authority of a Royal Hair-Specialist, tells you that it is not natural and is preventable, and he appeals to you to concern yourself to-day with your hair's health.

It is because he so earnestly wishes all ladies and gentlemen to enjoy perfect hair health that he makes the astonishing free offer printed at the bottom of this announcement.

### NATURE'S OWN HAIR GROWER.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is nature's own hair grower. It is not a chemical stimulant forcing an unnatural growth. Nature rebels against such treatment. Mr. Edwards couples with his appeal a warning against the use of chemical "hair growers."

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders. Just by practicing "Harlene Hair-Drill" for two minutes

every day (as shown in the book given with each Free Toilet Outfit) you remove the following hair ill-health conditions:

**Total Baldness (even of years' standing).  
Partial or Patchy Baldness.  
Thinning of hair over the temples.  
Thin, weak, straggling Hair.  
Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.  
Hair which splits at the ends.  
Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.  
Dry, brittle Hair.  
Greasy, inelastic Hair.  
Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.  
Discoloured Hair.  
Irritation of the Scalp.**

### GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it (with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Harlene Toilet Gift. It contains—

1. A bottle containing a week's supply of that delightful hair-dress and hair-dressing, "Harlene for the Hair."
2. A packet of "Groom" for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Harlene Hair-Drill" treatment.
3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules, which shows you how, by practicing them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustre-dulcance.

hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustre-dulcance.

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene for the Hair" in 12, 21, 62, and 92 Bottles; "Groom" in 12 boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos of 4 or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first write for the seven days' Free Course of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Fill up this coupon. Post it to-day (with 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of outfit). By return the complete Triple Toilet Outfit will be yours—to rescue your hair from the perils that are attacking it, and to render it once more attractive, abundant, glossy, bright, and full of colour.

### This Coupon Entitles You to One Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit Free.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs—Please send me by return of post a presentation bill out for practicing "Harlene Hair-Drill" including 10 Free Bottles of "Harlene for the Hair" and Free Packet of "Groom" Shampoo Powder, 10 "Hair-Drill" Manual of Rules and Instructions for growing Healthy and Abundant Hair. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of outfit the following address:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ Foreign stamps accepted

THE QUIVER, LONDON



Here is a valuable free Gift which will enable you to look ten years in your mirror and banish all thought of hair poverty. By filling in the coupon below you may obtain free this valuable triple toilet outfit: (1) A bottle of "Harlene for the Hair," (2) a packet of "Groom" Shampoo for the scalp, (3) a copy of Mr. Edwards' private book of "Harlene Hair-Drill."



**FOR ART NEEDLEWORK**

**FOR CROCHET AND KNITTING**

**LUSTRE YARN.**

**Twelfth Grand Prize Needlework Competition.**

**CASH \$100 PRIZES**

**148 Prizes.**

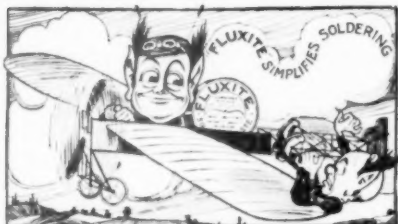
**CLASS A.**—Any piece of Art Embroidery, Broderie Anglaise, Drawn Thread Work, Hardanger, Richelieu Work, worked entirely with "Oso-Silkie Brightest Lustre Yarn." 1st prize £30s.; 2nd, £14s.; 3rd, £12s. 6d.; 4th, £10s.; 12 of £11s.; 12 of 10s. 6d.; 25 of 7s. 6d.; 20 of 5s.

**CLASS B.**—Any piece of Crochet Knitting, Tatting, Tenerife Lace Work, Punched Work, Smocking, worked entirely with "Oso-Silkie Brightest Lustre Yarn." 1st Prize, £28s.; 2nd, £14s.; 3rd, £12s. 6d.; 4th, £10s.; 12 of £11s.; 12 of 10s. 6d.; 25 of 7s. 6d.; 20 of 5s.

Work to be sent to address at foot by Feb. 1st, 1915, with name and address on each piece. Class in which it is to compete to be marked on parcel. All bands of the yarn used to be enclosed. All work will be returned (except First Prize-winners), and must be enclosed for carriage. Editors of "The Quiver" will be judge and her decisions final. Results announced in the windows of WHITEHEADS, Queen's Road, London, Feb. 17th, 1915, when work of successful competitors will be exhibited there and four following days. A printed list of prize-winners will be sent each competitor. Ask your draper for "Oso-Silkie." If cannot procure, write us enclosing 6d., and we will send you shade card, 12s. coupon, samples, showing sizes, and name of stock holder.

**TUBBS, HISCOCKS & Co. Ltd., 16 22, Milton St. London, E.C.**

**"Oso-Silkie"**



**The Faultless Flight;**  
He's without fear,  
Thanks to Fluxite,  
Sound is his gear.

**ANYONE can do Soldering Work with**

**FLUXITE**

**The paste that**  
**SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING**

In countless homes Fluxite is being used to repair metal articles instead of discarding them. It is also employed world-wide by Plumbers, Engineers, Motorists, and others.

Of Ironmongers, etc., in 6d., 1s., and 2s. tins.

The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET, with which is included a Pencil for "soldering Work," contains a special "malleable" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc.

Price 4/6. Sample Set post paid United Kingdom.

**AUTO-CONTROLLER CO., 226 Vienna Road, Bermondsey, England.**

**THE ONLY BREATHEABLE REMEDY.**

**PEPS**

THE simplest and strongest defence against coughs and bronchial colds is provided in a handy box of Peps, the chest-strengthening and germ-killing tablets, which contain in a perfectly balanced and highly concentrated form Nature's most effective agencies for stopping throat and chest troubles. As Peps tablets (removed from the silver preserving wrappers) are dissolved in the mouth, these powerful medicines are released in the form of fumes which are carried with the breath straight through the wind-pipe and air-passages. They thus come into instant contact with the bronchial tubes and lungs that liquid physic cannot reach.

By this direct action the pure and novel medicines combined in the Peps fumes not only strengthen and protect any weak spot in the chest and give immediate relief to the chronic bronchitis sufferer, but they destroy germs and at once check the discomforts and dangers of coughs, colds, chills and sore throat.

*Of all Chemists and Stores. See the name "PEPS" on every tin.*

**for**  
**COUGHS,**  
**COLDS &**  
**BRONCHITIS.**



# THE GRAVE DANGER OF HAIR-BRUSHES

## £6,500

Worth of the New-Style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, protected by Royal Letters Patent No. 9072 08, to be distributed free of charge amongst users of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair Grower, Tatcho—"trusty," "honest," "genuine." The Company will proceed to at once distribute these remarkable Brushes on the condition set forth below.

### GET YOURS TO-DAY.

In October, 1910—two years ago—this Company set aside a sum of £6,500 to provide users of the Hair Grower with a valuable new-style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush free of charge.

Large though the sum was, the gift proved a better advertisement for the Hair Grower than if twice the amount had been spent in the orthodox methods of press publicity. Each grateful recipient—and there were many thousands of them—became a peripatetic advertisement of the superlative merits of Tatcho, assisted by its ally, the new-style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. The consequence was that the demand for the Hair Grower during the year ending 30th June last reached the enormous figure of

### THREE MILLION OUNCES.

This proves that an offer actuated in the interests of the public themselves saves the outlay of extravagant sums in press publicity, a really valuable brush in the hand of the users twice or oftener daily constituting a happy reminder of happy results achieved.

Encouraged by this gratifying result, it has been decided to set aside a further sum of £6,500 for further distribution of these remarkable brushes to users of the Hair Grower.

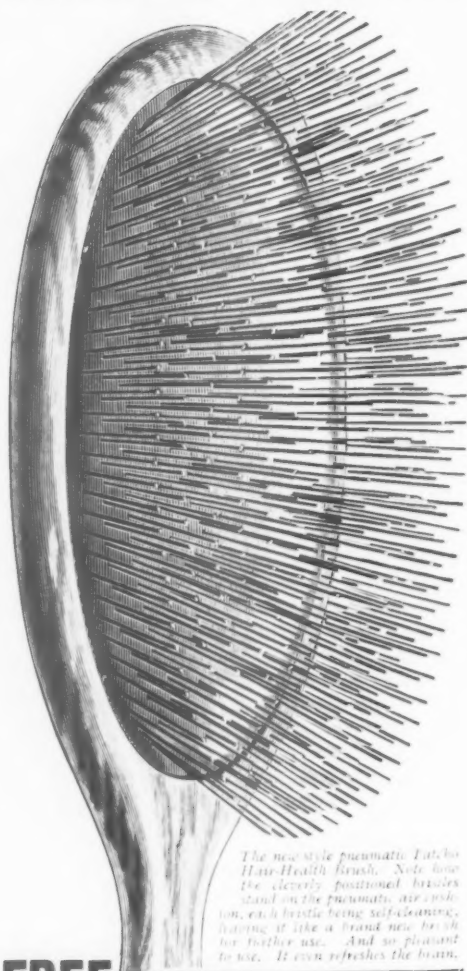
### THE NEW BRUSH: WHAT IT IS.

The new-style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush differs radically from the dangerous old-style brush, which harbours masses of germ-laden accumulations brushed from the scalp and hair and retained in the bristle tufts, to be returned to poison the hair each time the brush is used. The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, on the contrary, has the bristles so cleverly arranged that each bristle is self-cleaning. By simply drawing the hand across the bristled air cushion, all impurities immediately jump off the vibrating bristles, leaving the brush for further use, as sweetly clean as a brand new brush.

### HOW TO GET IT FREE!

To obtain one of these brushes all you have to do is to become a user of Tatcho, Mr. Geo. R. Sims' trusty, honest Hair Grower. Send 2/6 to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, for your supply of Tatcho in double strength, with a further 6d. for carriage and packing. By return the two greatest aids to hair-health and hair-wealth will be despatched to you, namely, Tatcho and its valuable ally, presented free, the new-style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Further supplies of Tatcho, if necessary, may be obtained from your own chemist or stores, 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, the two latter sizes being in double strength.



The new-style pneumatic Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. Note how the cleverly positioned bristles stand on the pneumatic air-cushion, each bristle being self-cleaning, leaving it like a brand new brush for further use. And so pleasant to use. It even refreshes the hair.

## FREE BRUSH COUPON.

*(One brush only will be supplied to each user.)*

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho, the true Hair Grower, to the New-Style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in token of the special thanks—sent set forth in THE QUIVER—of THE QUIVER.

*The Geo. R. Sims*  
*Hair Restorer Co*

Name of Applicant \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

TATCHO LABORATORIES, 5 GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON.





## See that Packet



That represents the most delicious Cocoa, the most nourishing and invigorating, the Cocoa most easily digested, the Cocoa that gives the greatest amount of sustenance, the greatest power of endurance, and the greatest ability to resist fatigue.

These are not mere statements. Vi-Cocoa is different from any other Cocoa. It contains just enough Extract of Malt to make it perfectly digestible notwithstanding its greater richness; it contains a small quantity of Extract of Hops, giving it a stimulating property far superior to tea, without the deleterious effects of the latter beverage; it contains the wonderful African Kola Nut with its almost marvellous powers of physical and mental endurance. *The Lancet* describes it as "of distinct value as a restorative and stimulating food." *The Court Circular* says: "It is more than palatable; it is simply delicious."

## Don't ask for 'Cocoa'—ask for 'Vi-Cocoa.'

("Vi" signifies Energy, Strength, Force, Power, Might, Efficacy.)

**VI-COCOA** is sold at all Stores and Groceries, in 6d. packets and 9d. & 1/6 tins.



## The Business Man's Pen

To a business man who has to be up to date, a Fountain Pen is almost a necessity. He must have a pen that will write anywhere, at any time, and under all circumstances. In short, a reliable pen. The 'Jewel' answers these requirements perfectly. 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped, with whatever point you like, 5/- Gold mounted and chased 7/6. From all stationers, or post free from the sole makers—

5/- **'JEWEL'**

**JEWEL PEN CO., (Dept 102),**  
102 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.4



## AN ATOM

of help is worth a lot of pity.

### "ANATOM" INSTEP SUPPORTS

are a great help to tired and aching feet. They relieve all pains in the feet and legs caused by a strained instep. They are invaluable to those who have much standing or walking, and for heavy people. They are scientifically correct, and are used by the Medical Profession. Made with non-rusting springs. "Anatom" Instep Supports will last for years. Mention size of foot when ordering. 5/3 per pair, post free, from

**ANDERSON & DODDS,**  
2 Broad Street Corner, BIRMINGHAM.

*Booklet free on application.*



## "Ewbank"

THE  
**British Carpet Sweeper**  
**The World's Best**

Sold by all Stores,  
Ironmongers and  
House Furnishers.

10/6 to 28/6

**ALL THE DUST GOES  
— INTO THE BOX —**



## Jacksons'

*World-famous*

**Felt Hats, all one price ... 3/9**

**Boots & Shoes for ladies & men 10/6**

**Macs. & Raincoats**

for ladies and men **21/- & 30/-**

The man who wears a Jackson's Hat, pair of Boots, and Raincoat, looks—and knows that he looks—well dressed. For Jacksons' lead in fashions, and no where else is such wonderful quality offered at anything like the prices charged by Jacksons.

Men and women write from all corners of the earth for Jacksons' goods, because it pays to buy from Jacksons.

Why not have the "just-better" quality at the just ordinary price.

**BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS.**

**MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.**

Those unable to visit any of Jacksons' numerous branches should make use of the Mail order Department. Catalogue of the latest fashions sent on request. Fit and style guaranteed.

**Jacksons' Ltd., Victoria Works, Stockport.**



Ba11



## No more mud in the inkpot

no sediment to clog your nib, just when you are in a hurry to write, if you use Onoto Ink. No matter how long it is left, Onoto Ink remains in perfect solution to the very last drop.

Once on the paper it dries a bluish tint, which by a chemical change due to the action of the air soon turns to a jet black.

Clearly, then, Onoto Ink cannot fade—the older the writing is the blacker and more permanent it becomes.

Ask your stationer for

Onoto Writing Ink—Blue-Black.

Onoto Writing Ink—Black.

Onoto Writing Ink—Red.

Onoto Copying Ink—Blue-Black.


Onoto Copying Ink—Black.

Sold in glass bottles, 6d. to 2s.

Made by Thos. De La Rue & Co.,  
London, E.C.

# Onoto Ink

Sold in improved glass bottles, easy to hold, easy to pour out; no risk of spill or breakage.



WITH **2/6** ORDER.

The Graves Complete Sheffield Cutlery Service of 51 pieces of Table Cutlery and Plate, comprises half a dozen Table and Dessert Knives with beautifully marked handles in Lulluitu reproduction of carved African Ivories. Half dozen each Columbian Silver Table and Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, and 6 Egg Spoons, also Salt, Mustard, Sugar, and Table Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Pickle Fork, Butter Knife, and Jam Spoon to match. Columbian Silver is a beautiful white metal, wears white all through, and is indistinguishable from Sterling Silver. The Complete Service on approval, carriage paid, for 2/6 with order and nine monthly payments of 2/6 each.

**SEND POST CARD FOR HANDSOME CUTLERY CATALOGUE.**  
Sheffield Cutlery, Chafers, Jam Dishes, Tea Services, and Silverware of all descriptions direct from the Factory. Monthly terms or Cash Discount.

**J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.**

## FITS

**CURED**

SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT  
Twenty-Five Years' Success

Over 1,000 unadulterated Testimonials in one year. Pamphlet containing proof and full particulars post free from

**TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd.,**  
303 South Frederick Street, Dublin,  
and 107 St. James' Chambers, Toronto, Canada.



## Speak and Write Grammatically!

Fluent speech and felicitous letter-writing are accomplishments which everyone should possess. We teach by post. Send stamp to-day for explanatory booklet 170 and terms of tuition.

**BROADBENT'S COLLEGE, BURNLEY.**

It is

often said—

to work, sleep and eat is life's routine—and of these undoubtedly the last is the most essential, governing the other two. But whatever your diet, it must be worth eating; for its high food value eat—

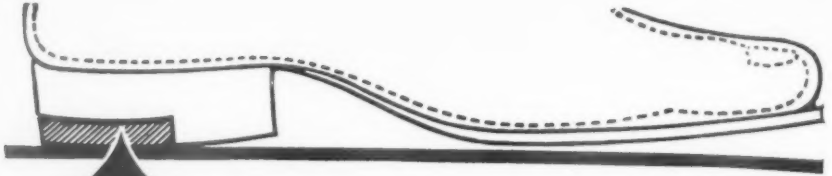
## REYNOLDS' WHEATMEAL BREAD

You will enjoy it. It adds zest to your work, and what is more conducive to sleep than healthful work? Order from your baker to-day, and you can work, sleep, eat, and be happy.

**100 Gold Medals Awarded.**

**J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd.,**  
Millers, Gloucester.





## When heel meets pavement

and that heel is hard leather, there is a shock. That shock, small in itself, multiplied thousands of times a day, eventually leads to fatigue, nervous breakdown or headache.

Substitute

## Redfern's NAVY Rubber Heels

for the leather, and you not only absorb all shock but you save money.

For Redfern's outwear leather and are easily replaced when worn. But they must be Redfern's; no other are so resilient—so durable.

Ladies' and Children's 4½d., Men's 6½d. per pair.  
Of Boot Repairers and Dealers everywhere.

**Fix Redfern's Navy flush with the outside edge of the leather heel—they should never project. Also see that they are sunk to the level of the leather as illustrated. Your shoemaker knows how and will do it for a few pence.**



**Redfern's Rubber Works Ltd. Hyde,**

*Manufacturers of Cycle Tyres, Rubber Soles,  
Mechanical Rubbers, Golf Balls, etc.*

B. 20

**Hyde, Nr. Manchester.**



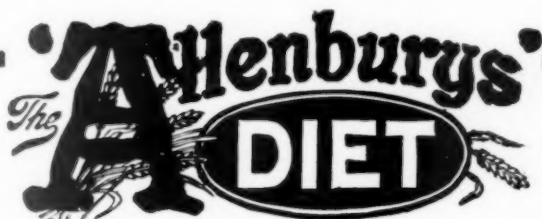
THE QUIVER

## Impaired Digestion

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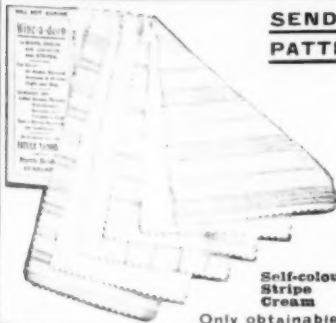
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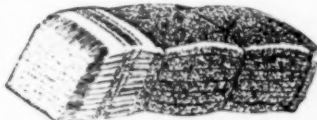


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# THE QUIVER

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Anonymous (Dublin)	1	0	0	Anonymous (Red Hill)	0	1	0
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[We regret having to hold over, owing to pressure on space, acknowledgment of League Subscriptions and ordinary funds until next month.]



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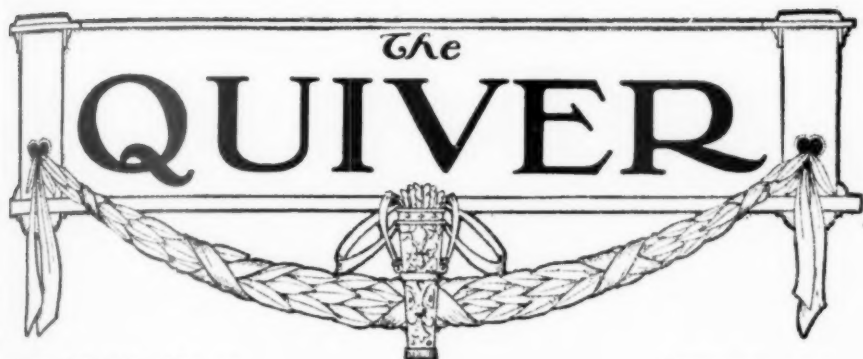
(Photo: Catalogue)

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In the robes he wore at the Coronation.

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VOL. XLVII., No. 12

OCTOBER, 1912

## An Archbishop's Busy Life

Dr. Randall Davidson at Lambeth Palace

By CHARLES T. BATEMAN

IN recent times few Archbishops of Canterbury have been called upon to take part in a greater number of national and ecclesiastical events of first importance than Dr. Randall Davidson. His position at Court commanded his presence at Osborne House when her late Majesty Queen Victoria passed away. He relieved Archbishop Temple of heavy responsibility and much detail work in the arrangements for the Coronation of King Edward VII. Last year he undertook, single-handed, according to correct precedent, the whole of the service of crowning their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary. Only those who were present, or carefully studied the elaborate and impressive Coronation ritual, can appreciate the physical and mental strain of this duty on such an august occasion and in the presence of a crowded congregation including the most representative people in the nation.

At King Edward's Coronation Archbishop Maclagan of York was entrusted with that portion of the ceremony incidental to the crowning of Queen Alexandra. This was arranged with the sanction of his late Majesty at Dr. Maclagan's special desire, for he was anxious to take part in this memorable duty, and, by so doing,

made the task of the Primate somewhat easier. Last year it was decided to revert to older usage.

One outstanding quality of the Archbishop of Canterbury is his capacity for work. He was trained as an executive officer of the Church by his father-in-law, Archbishop Tait—between whom and Dr. Davidson's father the warmest friendship existed for many years. The Archbishop entrusted him with important commissions, delicate inquiries, and confidential correspondence. These necessitated much more than the usual routine attaching to the post of clerical secretary or chaplain. In addition, he organised an Intelligence Department for Dr. Tait, who devoted much care and attention to the investigation of new developments in the Church as well as in other denominations. On the death of Dr. Tait he served Archbishop Benson in a similar capacity and with equal loyalty and whole-hearted service. When Dr. Davidson became Bishop of Rochester and then subsequently followed Dr. Thorold again to Winchester, he gave himself a burden of correspondence and supervision in order that he might understand the characteristics of these two dioceses. But he loved the work. Sixteen hours every day, especially at Winchester,





LAMBETH PALACE, FROM THE GROUNDS.

was an ordinary episode in his diocesan life, and yet at Farnham Castle he enjoyed better health than for many years previously.

Promotion from Winchester to Canterbury, which came to Dr. Randall Davidson, according to general expectation, at the death of that bluff, breezy, and, in all senses, great Archbishop, Dr. Temple, brought him to Lambeth Palace with traditions for active work conducted on business-like lines. During his life as a diocesan, he had gradually evolved a system that enabled him to crowd into the day variety and extent of services quite impossible to many bishops.

Dr. Davidson's transference from Farnham Castle to Lambeth Palace was not, however, conducive to quiet work. Amidst sylvan beauty and on the borders of a great deer park, the residence of Winchester's bishops is a delightful retreat—too big possibly for ordinary purposes—situated on a hill above an old-fashioned Surrey town and free from the roar of a city's life. Lambeth is quite the reverse. Its name suggests crowded streets with mean houses—once genteel, but now occupied by several families—the smoke of factories, and the dreariness of a low-lying river district. Within a stone's throw the London traffic passes north and south. A shady garden of wide extent, with the fine green turf of ages, offers some compensation. But you cannot lose yourself amongst its trees and imagine that it is

Farnham Park. The innumerable trains on the railway embankment near at hand, running in and out of Waterloo, are reminders during every five minutes of the day and night that in the heart of London the home of the Archbishop of Canterbury should, in order to accord with the characteristics of the neighbourhood, remain the residence of a religious leader and worker.

#### Diocesan and Archbishop

The ordinary day of an Archbishop divides itself into the necessary time for correspondence, interviews, public engagements, Parliament (when sitting), and occasionally Convocation. An Archbishop performs two distinct sets of duties. Like the other bishops, he is a diocesan, responsible for the important district of Eastern Kent, including the Croydon Rural Deaneries, which he administers with the help of two suffragan bishops—the Bishop of Dover and the Bishop of Croydon. In addition, he undertakes all those important tasks that belong to his archiepiscopal office—such, for instance, as the Presidency of the Canterbury House of Convocation, attendance at national functions, and leadership in all ecclesiastical matters relating to the Church of England at home and abroad. As the President of the Lambeth Conference which meets every ten years at Lambeth Palace, his work and correspondence possess an international character, and guide and influ-



## AN ARCHBISHOP'S BUSY LIFE

ence the relationship between two great churches like those of the Anglican Church and the American Protestant Episcopal Church, as well as that of the Colonial and Indian Churches. The Archbishop of Canterbury disclaims all idea of an office resembling that of the Roman Pontiff. He has no pretensions to become a Pope, but is called upon in countless directions to give advice on difficult problems that arise from time to time upon which his wide experience and knowledge prove of inestimable value. Even if the Archbishop desired—he, however, has made it plain that he does not—a world-wide primacy, the American Church is strongly opposed to such a dictatorship. On the other hand, the bishops of the American Episcopal Church are glad to avail themselves of his brotherly counsel. Similarly, too, the missionary societies consult him concerning their spheres of labour, and though the duty of appointing missionary bishops rests with him, it is his invariable custom to consult the missionary leaders and to accept their nominations to bishoprics

for which they are financially responsible.

Dr. Davidson admits the heavy responsibilities resting upon an Archbishop; but he refuses, even though it might relieve his own burden, to take the slightest step towards a primacy that is not attached to diocesan organisation. This position, he has stated, would be full of danger to the Church. Therefore, with his two suffragan bishops, he fulfils his duties in the See of Canterbury, with which, fortunately, he is familiar by his long associations with previous Archbishops. Further, he spends three months of every year at his official residence at the Old Palace, Canterbury, which is situated immediately under the shadow of the Cathedral.

As private secretary to Archbishop Tait, Dr. Davidson received careful training in the orderly treatment and arrangement of correspondence. The late Archbishop was very insistent on this matter. Foreign communications were docketed under the names of countries from whence he had



THE ARCHBISHOP'S STUDY AT LAMBETH PALACE.



## THE QUIVER

received or forwarded letters and filed in such a manner that these could be easily traced for reference. Archbishop Temple acted on the principle that much of one's correspondence answered itself. The present Archbishop has developed the plans of his father-in-law. He keeps a record of letters dispatched, and copies are preserved of all those deemed important in the same business-like manner that obtains in large commercial houses. He believes that the Church should display as much diligence and accuracy as Commerce in its own internal affairs, and avoid aggravating delays and inattention to important details. The business of the Church, according to his view, deserves as much efficiency and promptitude as that of any money-producing concern. Fortunately for Dr. Davidson, he can dictate his replies to letters in all sorts of imaginable places—the five minutes' wait before a public meeting, an interval in a House of Lords' debate, and time in the railway train are utilised as occasion demands for correspondence.

Dr. Temple undoubtedly frightened off many would-be interviewers—clerical and lay—by his brusqueness. His successor, possessing a different temperament, is of a more conciliatory character; yet it must not be supposed that he suffers bores gladly. Numerous callers on important matters visit Lambeth Palace on various quests. Societies, good, bad, and indifferent, seek his aid on innumerable occasions, and through their officials require his assistance in furthering the objects which they represent. Their success is seen to some extent in the annual list of May meetings, announcing his participation in a score or more of these gatherings. Always prodigal of his time and strength, he dovetails extra engagements into the day's programme without fuss and with the earnest determination to fulfil the spirit of the lines which he often quotes and which serve him as a motto:

"We must be here to work,  
And men who work can only work for men,  
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend  
Humanity, and so work humanely,  
And raising men's bodies still by raising souls."



THE DINING-HALL, LAMBETH PALACE.





THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The biographies of recent Archbishops supply most interesting reminders of the quality of the callers. In a great organisation like that of the Church of England some parties are found who desire to further their own ends. This policy is only natural, and with the Archbishop rests the duty of preserving an even keel in order to avoid the semblance of party bias. The efforts he pursued, for instance, during the Education controversy were unceasing. Those who interviewed him, or those asked to meet him, when a settlement seemed in sight, belonged to both political parties in the State, and included Nonconformists as well as Churchmen. In such parlour conferences the Archbishop is always sympathetic, diplomatic, and peace-loving. He readily gets to the point, and is shrewd in questioning and the ordinary give-and-take of discussion. He generally favours a broad outlook, and is probably one of the most far-sighted members of the bench of bishops to diagnose a general situation with judg-

ment and accuracy, and at the same time to discover a meeting-ground for disputants.

#### Convocation and Parliament

Convocation is another tax on the time of the Archbishop. The ordinary man and woman manifest but little interest in its proceedings; but to the bishops, deans, and proctors Convocation frequently means a month's work out of every year. A General Election necessitates a new Lower House of Convocation, both of Canterbury and York, and when the election of proctors has been concluded an official opening of the new Convocation takes place, for Canterbury, at St. Paul's Cathedral, when the usual Latin Service is held at which the Archbishop takes part. On the following day the Convocation business is commenced both in the Lower House and in the Upper, the latter being entirely reserved for diocesan bishops. Bishop Ryle, for instance, now Dean of Westminster, no



## THE QUIVER



ENTRANCE TO LAMBETH PALACE.

longer sits in the Upper House, where he had a seat for many years as Bishop of Exeter, and later of Winchester, but is placed with the Deans to the left of the Prolocutor in the Lower House. In the Upper House the Archbishop presides by virtue of his office, and the bishops are ranged round the four sides of the Convocation hall, close to the wall, with the centre left free for the officials and the Press. Frequently journalists are excluded, and sometimes from eleven in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon the bishops confer together in private. But whether open to the Press or otherwise, the proceedings are of importance to the Church. Throughout the session the Archbishop guides the debate, settles questions of precedent and law, with the assistance of the Registrar, and whilst occasionally on a hot July afternoon one or two of the right reverend fathers may take a quiet

nap the President must remain alert and vigorous during a long and sometimes desultory discussion.

Frequently a tedious day in Convocation is followed by an evening in the House of Lords. Like Archbishop Tait, Dr. Davidson maintains close attendance in the Upper Chamber and frequently takes part in debate. He is keen to recognise the value of these interventions, especially in regard to social problems like those of Temperance, Sunday labour, and similar legislation. During recent years he has dared much in order to mitigate the effects of drink, and, in consequence, some Churchmen have withdrawn, or threatened to withdraw, their subscriptions from Church objects. Their threats were sometimes loud and menacing, but the Archbishop has pursued his course with a determination which is characteristic of his Scotch upbringing. Incidentally, it may be stated that his second suffragan bishop, Dr. Pereira, of Croydon, is also chairman of the executive committee of the Church of England Temperance Society,

and has whole-heartedly supported the policy of his chief, both in the committee-room and elsewhere.

### Public Engagements

At the close of the Archbishop's public duties he has frequently to prepare for some special occasion. Most of his important deliverances are dictated to one of his secretaries and typed ready for his correction or addition. This treatment applies to sermons, addresses on important matters for Convocation, some great gathering of the Church, or notable fixture when the Archbishop finds it necessary to give expression to opinions which may affect the policy of the Church, for which of course he is the chief spokesman. At other times he contents himself with notes. These points he prepares with rapidity at all sorts of times, according to the opportunity, which often represents the ten minutes' leisure seized between



## AN ARCHBISHOP'S BUSY LIFE

two engagements. In these respects he suffers as a public speaker. If time permitted for study he would be much more effective, but his engagements are so numerous and incessant that his best friends are aware he cannot do justice to himself nor always bring to bear upon the preparation of sermon and address those gifts of literary appreciation and imagination which he undoubtedly possesses.

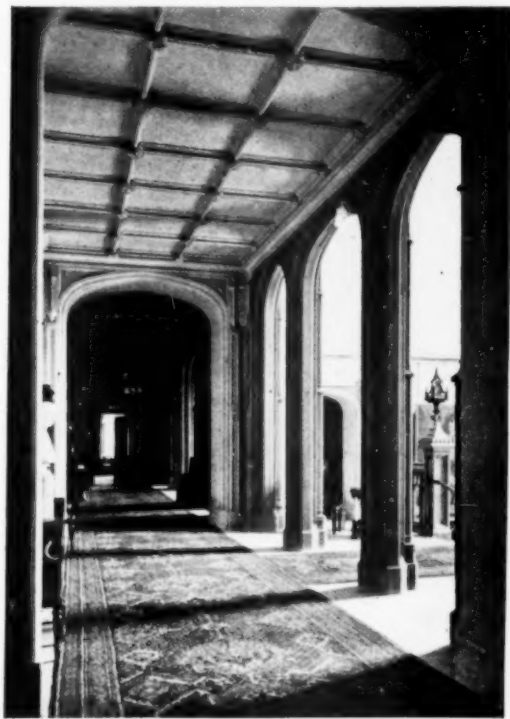
The spirit of consolation is always a strong note in the addresses of the Archbishop, especially when he is preaching on the occasion of national sorrow or private bereavement. A perusal of his recent volume of sermons will supply numerous examples. Possibly this is due to the fact that both his wife and himself have passed through times of great sorrow, which have arisen in almost an overwhelming manner. A few months before his marriage with the second daughter of Archbishop Tait, Dr. Davidson lost the dearest friend of his young manhood's days, when Crauford Tait, his wife's brother, passed away just as the latter had commenced his work as a parish clergyman. The wedding ceremony at Lambeth a few months later was kept quietly, and only the immediate friends of the family were present. Before the newly wedded husband and wife had returned from their honeymoon in Italy, Mrs. Tait, the mother, died at Edinburgh quite suddenly, and on Mrs. Davidson's twentieth birthday—a cold, misty afternoon, so different from the sunny skies they had just left—they were present at the funeral service in Addington Churchyard.

Her late Majesty Queen Victoria gave Dr. Davidson her confidence when he became Dean of Windsor, partly, it is understood, because of the possession of this quality of sympathy. When the late Duke of Albany passed away in 1884 the Archbishop preached three sermons in the private chapel of Windsor Castle on the three Sundays following the

Prince's death. By command of the Queen these were printed for private circulation. Copies of this interesting little volume, with its pathetic associations, may be seen in the British Museum. Even when he was appointed Bishop of Rochester, and later of Winchester, the Queen retained his services at the Court as Clerk of the Closet, an office which His Grace performed until the Queen's death, and which involved the duties of spiritual adviser. Because of this position he prepared several of the younger princes and princesses—grandchildren of Queen Victoria—for confirmation. At the last, when the Queen lay dying at Osborne, he was one of the few distinguished persons outside the royal circle who watched by her bedside and administered to her the consolations of religion.

### The Hospitality of Lambeth Palace

The engagements of the Archbishop of Canterbury are not exhausted by the



THE CORRIDOR AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

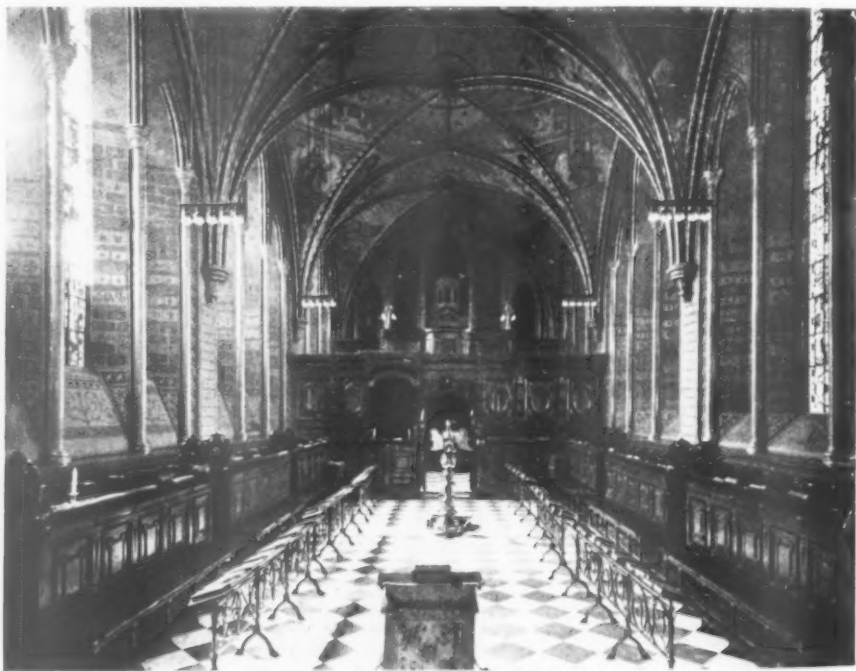


## THE QUIVER

indications already given of his busy days. Lambeth Palace is noted for its hospitality. It is here especially, as in other important matters, he receives the help of Mrs. Davidson, who, as already stated, was brought up in the home of an active Archbishop. By her ready assistance, tact, and wise counsel she has made the path of her husband much easier, happier, and broader. For many years she has assisted him in the women's sphere of influence in the Church and, above all, has exerted

life and innumerable engagements, the traditions of the Palace were cherished in a atmosphere of homeliness, courtesy, and hospitality. Two outstanding impressions remain with these guests—the happy, unconventional, social life and the daily service in the private chapel at Lambeth Palace, which at least for the American bishops possesses such historic interest.

The Archbishop usually finds relief in his work by travelling with his wife in Italy—especially the northern part of



THE PRIVATE CHAPEL AT LAMBETH PALACE.

a gracious ministry in receiving the numerous guests who visit Lambeth Palace from time to time. For instance, during 1908 the Archbishop's home was full of bishops from all parts of the world, who had come to London both for the Lambeth Conference and the Pan-Anglican Congress. Those who were privileged to stay there during this period carried away with them an abiding memory of one of the most charming homes in England, where, amidst all the strain and stress of public

that kingdom—of which country he has many charming reminiscences. At home he occasionally indulges in a game of squash rackets in which he is, after a little practice, quite proficient, and now and then a few days' golf. At far distant intervals he enjoys a short golfing holiday in Scotland, and, if rumour is correct, one of his secretaries accompanies him in order to deal with the correspondence that even on such occasions is insistent for an answer.



# Marriage by Correspondence

An Unconventional Story of the West

By ELLA M. CROSSLAND

"BREAD gone wrong again, old boy?" asked Jim Cross, as he stepped gingerly into the little hot "shack" that warm April afternoon, and endeavoured to pierce the thick smoke of burning wood and burning bread that caused his eyes to water so unpleasantly.

"Why, yes! Can't you *smell*? Can't you *see*? Here, throw some water on the stove, then chuck this beastly burnt mess out o' doors, and p'raps I'll behave like a reasonable being," and Jack Cross, the unhappy baker of bread, pushed past his comrade into the fresh air without.

"Oh, this is nice!" He drew in the sweetness of the air with joy. "By Jove! I was never intended to be a baker. Let's see, we haven't had a decent loaf of bread for three weeks. Who'd have thought the old stove would burn like that? Just put a stick or two on while I fed the chickens, Jim; wasn't away more than ten minutes, and that happened." And he waved his hand tragically at the blackened mass which Jim with much deliberation was strenuously knocking out of the bread tins.

"Say, old chap," said Jim when Jack returned, "don't you think I'd better have a shot at this next week?"

"I don't think anything about it. I guess you'll pretty well have to. I won't bake another blessed loaf if I'm paid to!" and Jack filled his pipe, and loitered back into the shack to see how the atmosphere had cleared there.

Half an hour after a cheerful sound of ham frizzling in the frying-pan came to Jim's ears, and Jack's voice called to him from within:

"Come on, old chap; now you've cleared the decks, I'll soon have supper ready."

So a space having been cleared amidst the medley of newspapers, tins, gloves, etc., on the rough deal table, the two sat down to their supper of coffee, ham and eggs, jam and biscuits.

The ham and eggs, like the bread, suffered from too much cooking, the coffee was smoked, but the two ate and drank with unflagging appetites.

Jack was the owner of the big prairie farm in Western Canada. Jim Cross, his cousin, was his helper at present, though he hoped some day to get a homestead of his own. They both were indifferent cooks and shocking bakers of bread, and the awful question of how to get or make decent bread was sometimes very seriously considered by them. The short spring evening had darkened in by the time the two had gone the round of the horses, and then they drew their chairs up to the stove and sat for a time in silence.

"Guess we'll have to live on biscuits for a spell, Jack," broke in Jim.

"Seems like it. These old yeast cakes bother the life of me. Wish we knew some decent old woman who'd bake for us now and again!"

"Yes, but, you see, we don't. There isn't a petticoat within hail for miles. Say, Jack, what with wrestling with buttons and making bread, we're about used up. Now, one of us should marry!"

To this sound piece of advice Jack gave no answer save by a derisive laugh and a wave of his hand round the shack.

"Oh, I know she'd have to have things rigged up decently for her; we'd have to build a nice little house, and, of course, we'd have to be tidy. She'd soon sweep off all these tins, and she'd burn all my pet papers, and no doubt she'd clean the window and try if the stove could stand being blacked. Oh, I know she'd make things move around if once she got here!"

"Ah, that's just it!" said Jack reflectively. "If only we'd got her, or knew where to find her—someone to bake our bread, someone to mend our socks, someone to make us happy, as the song says."

"No, but joking apart, Jack, don't you think one of us *had* better marry? Look at the time we waste cooking on that stove, look at the time we'd have for all the work that keeps piling around us—"

"You say *we*. Now, who's to do the marrying?"

"Oh, well—you'd better try first. You see, you are a man of standing; you've got



## THE QUIVER

a good bank balance, a good figure of a man, too, are a good shot, a champion farmer, and, in short, a real good sort —"

"Steady on, old chap; you mean me to take all the risks while you enjoy the experiment. No; but I'll tell you, Jim, I've thought of it, too. Of course we couldn't do as we like, and she'd sure to hustle things round a bit, but that bread business is getting beyond a joke. A wife would be just the thing to solve the difficulty; but where are we to find her?"

"Where, indeed?" Jim stared gravely into the wood-box of the stove as he put in some wood. "Of course, I know she'd have you if she'd any sense; but, first, where is she?"

Very seriously the two discussed this problem. The little shack certainly did not speak very happily for their house-keeping efforts. The stove was crowded with pots and pans innumerable; the floor strewn with newspapers, old papers, and tobacco ashes; the wide wooden table under the window groaned with the burden of three days' unwashed crockery. Jim and Jack, having a fair number of dishes, believed firmly in the principle which "Alice in Wonderland" discerned at the tea party — to move to the next cup and saucer when yours was dirty. So when their cups and saucers and plates were used, they moved higher up the table to the fresh relay, until at last even these were exhausted, and a day of reckoning, or rather "washing up," became inevitable.

After much discussion and much merriment on the part of Jack, who was not quite so inclined to the matrimonial plan as Jim, it was decided to write to a now well-known paper in the East which conducted a correspondence column for encouraging friendship between the sexes, and invite correspondence from some young woman, who must be an excellent housekeeper, good tempered, cheerful and of an affectionate disposition, not over twenty-five, not averse to matrimony, and, above all, well used to bread making. The last two requirements were suggested by Jim, who plainly intended to take a very business-like view of the matter. He wrote the letter that very night, Jack signed it, and they both retired to bed well pleased with their plans, dreaming of light, flaky pies, bread — sweet and wholesome — darned socks, and

buttoned shirts, all to be brought about by the friendly correspondence column of the Eastern weekly.

A few weeks later, Jim, returning from the town with their mail, dropped quite a sheaf of letters on the floor forwarded by the newspaper, and addressed to Jack.

"There!" said he triumphantly, "you've only to whistle to 'em, and they'll all come."

Supper was finished in haste that night, and the letters from the unknown ladies anxiously opened. Some of them "had distinct views on dieting"; some "wished earnestly for a safe and happy home"; some "would have nothing to do with the man who smoked or drank or swore"; others "preferred men who smoked," and hinted "they would like love and the protection of a strong man's hand." Others again inquired about the welfare of the writer's soul, if he had had any infectious diseases, if he had been in love before, if he had a good banking account, or was willing to help the writer's necessitous family? These were all read and very strongly commented upon, and one alone was kept.

"Stuff them all into the stove, man!" cried Jim excitedly. "Here's the one; she'll do! Here's the future Mrs. Jack Cross, I know!"

The letter was a nice, well-expressed, sensible one. The writer stated her age, that she was an orphan, very lonely, a good housekeeper, fond of reading, loved the country, and, above all, was very anxious to come out to the West.

"Pin that up, Jim; we'll consider it; all the rest are rotters! Let's see, what's her name? L. Smith — plain enough, anyhow. Pin it up, and let's smoke a pipe on it."

So "L. Smith's" letter was duly and very gravely pinned, or rather hammered securely to the wall behind the stove with a two-inch nail, and there "she" hung for weeks, while the cousins discussed her, and argued about her, and at last wrote to ask her to keep up the correspondence.

"We can't marry this summer," said Jim, rather ruefully one evening, as, blinded with smoke and burning charcoal, he hurried outside with another batch of cremated dough. "No chance of it; we're far too busy. We must just hump it till next spring."

They still spoke of the matrimonial pro-



## MARRIAGE BY CORRESPONDENCE

ject as being a dual affair, and though they both composed the letters in answer to "L. Smith's," they were always signed by Jack. The letters also were written as if from one lonely man living in his little shack and longing unspeakably for the solace and cheer of a woman's loving presence.

"We'd better make out it's only one," Jim had announced at the beginning, "because, of course, you'll do the marrying. I'll just hustle about and get things ready."

Truly, as Jack acknowledged with a rather sinking heart, if anyone must be the bridegroom, *he* must! Poor Jim had nothing but his keep at present from Jack. Jim had been down on his luck, had lost his all and almost his life in a mad speculation away up in the Yukon. Two years ago Jack, a well-to-do and prosperous cousin, had found him out, "dug him out of savagedom," as he said, and brought him back to his own wide swelling acres of rich prairie farmland. Here the two had struck up a

deep and lasting friendship; but Jim still considered himself in debt to Jack, and still considered himself bound to stay with his cousin till his debts were worked off.

So every week through the hot summer months "Miss L. Smith" faithfully wrote her letters—just merry, happy, common-sense letters, brimful of fun. Sometimes she said little about herself, save that she was keeping house with an old aunt, and she had a little money.

When the stress and strain of harvest was over, the two cousins continued the correspondence with renewed vigour, and though neither acknowledged it to the other, they both felt their hearts growing perceptibly softer, and full of sweet sentiments concerning "L. Smith." In the busy time of harvest the lady had had to be contented with picture post cards, signed, as usual, by Jack. But when the long, tedious nights of winter came along, the two cousins wrote long letters to her, and when Christmas



"'L. Smith's' letter was duly hammered securely to the wall behind the stove with a two inch nail."



## THE QUIVER

arrived some very handsome presents went eastwards for "Miss Smith." She, in turn, sent them two large Christmas puddings and a fine cake with the touching inscription, "Made by my own hands for Mr. Cross."

If the proof of the pudding lies in the eating, then certainly Miss Smith's puddings must have proved very delightful, to judge by the marvellous manner in which they were consumed. The cake was decided to be "a dandy"; and, in fact, things all round seemed very rosy for "Miss L. Smith."

As the long months of winter ended and the gracious green of grass and trees showed through the earth's lingering white pall, the cousins came to the conclusion that the marriage should take place early in June. Jack wrote a formal and somewhat stiff letter to Miss Smith, offering himself, his hand and heart, and all his broad acres to that lady. Truly he had begun to cherish a real love for his correspondent, who proved herself to be—at least, judging from her letters—a girl of an amiable disposition, sensible, wise and cheerful, and one with whom any man could be reasonably happy.

The next thing to be considered was if Miss Smith would entertain this proposal after a year's exchange of letters. But any doubts on this subject were speedily put at rest by a letter from the lady joyfully giving her consent to the union, and hoping and trusting her future husband would find her a dutiful and loving wife. So now preparations were set about quickly. A new house, comfortable, commodious and pretty, was erected in front of the little shack, new furniture bought, and, in short, everything done to make the place pleasing and pleasant for its new mistress.

"You know, I'd always meant to build a decent house ages ago, Jim, before you came," said Jack, as they sat one May evening in the old shack, "but then I'd half a notion to sell that 200 acres in front; I really don't need it, and it's grand land. I should get a good price for it if I sold it now; but I shan't, it'll do for the cattle, and by and by we must get a good flower garden going for the mistress."

Jim readily agreed; he seemed, in fact, to look forward to the advent of the new mistress more than Jack. In fact, Jim sometimes pined sorely for feminine society, and often proclaimed the fact that he was not born for singleness of life.

But as the eventful day of Miss Smith's coming drew nearer, the prospective husband grew gloomier and more silent, as Jim became more cheerful and jolly every day. He dreamed dreams of the delightful dishes the future Mrs. Cross would lay upon the table; he thought of the little feminine comforts she would bring into the place. How, after their hard day's work on the prairie, he and Jack would return to a good well-cooked meal in pleasant surroundings. Oh, undoubtedly it was the best thing they could have thought of—this matrimonial plan; no more burnt bread, no more smoked meat and burnt potatoes, no more weary hours over the wash-tub!

But the more hilarious Jim became at this charming prospect, the more wretched became Jack. He could not sleep, he could not eat; over and over again he asked himself if he had done a wise thing; what could he do? He felt sometimes as if he could have given all he had in the world to have recalled that fateful letter of proposal, so compromising in its black and white. But regrets were too late now; he must go through with the thing. Already his bride would have started out from her Eastern home; she was well on her way now. It had been arranged that Jack and Jim would meet her by the nine o'clock train in the morning at the depot fifteen miles away; they would then drive to the nearest town and get a licence, and be married at once.

The night before, Jim was busying himself in the new house putting things to rights for the last time; but Jack sat miserably in the old shack, running his hands dejectedly up and down a beautiful blue silk tie he had purchased for the morrow, surrounded by numerous pairs of boots he had been spasmodically trying to clean—too miserable for words, too sick almost to think.

Jim, bustling in to get supper, rated him soundly on his melancholy state.

"Gracious, man! I only wish I were you! Think of the charming wife you'll have to-morrow!"

"Ah, that's just it! Is she charming? I know she seems so by her letters, but, oh, what asses we've been not to have insisted upon having a photograph! And she never asked for mine!"

"Oh, she'll be all right! I don't care what a woman *looks* like if only she's





"Jack leant forward and seized Jim's hand. 'Jim, old chap, I can't—I just can't. . . .  
You marry her!'"—p. 1110.



## THE QUIVER

companionable, sweet tempered and sensible."

"But I do," said Jack, tragically examining a pair of very unbridal-like boots. "I do; and I'll tell you plainly, Jim, if she's short and stout, has red hair, or wears glasses, if she has rabbit teeth, or a red face, why, I'll quit the whole job and pay her fare home again!"

"If she has all those characteristics, she'll be a beauty," said Jim. "Never you fear, old boy; she'll be tall and slim, have fair hair and blue eyes, and you'll be as happy as the day is long."

The morning of the wedding day dawned bright and clear. Jim was up almost before daybreak, and peremptorily ordered the bridegroom to get breakfast at his leisure, not to worry, and all things would go well.

At six o'clock they drove off, Jim very happy, Jack very miserable, wondering what on earth had induced him, a free man and his own master entirely, to run his neck into such a noose as this.

The little depot where Miss Smith would alight was a flag station only, and there was no one there when the cousins arrived. The train was late, as was usually the case, and Jack grew more gloomy and more wretched as the time went on. He had hitched his team and buggy some way from the depot shed, and partly beneath the shade of some maple trees, and had begged Jim not to go immediately on to the platform.

"If we stay here," he said, "against the buggy, we can get a good look at her before she looks around for us. She's sure to have some baggage and fuss around a bit, or she's not a true woman; while she's fussing we'll have a good look at her, and I'll make up my mind."

"Make up your mind for what?" asked Jim, looking up puzzled from the bay mare's harness he was adjusting.

"Whether I'll marry her or not, for I'm in a blue funk about it."

To this Jim gave no answer but a long whistle, and sat down on the buggy steps to wait.

And now at last the long-expected sounds of the roar of the distant train and its harsh-sounding bell were heard. Now it came creeping gently round the corner, now, with snort of engine and a creaking of great brakes, it drew up by the little platform,

the great bell still harshly clanging its warning.

Breathlessly the cousins waited and watched. As a rule few people from their part of the country travelled by this line. At last there emerged from the middle compartment the conductor with suit cases and rugs; these he put down on the platform and hastened to assist the somewhat nervous descent of the only passenger. He helped her down, and for a few minutes she seemed to be arguing violently about some of her belongings, which had evidently gone astray. As she talked she seemed too engrossed about her baggage to glance around or notice the buggy and the two expectant men.

They had ample time therefore to look at her, and she was stout, short, and had red hair, her face was red, she wore glasses and seemed to have a squint. These things poor Jack noticed almost at a glance. He looked at Jim; Jim's face seemed a blank.

Then Jack leant forward and seized Jim's hand in his. "Jim, old chap, I *can't*—I just *can't*! Look at her! Look here, if you'll marry her, if you'll take her off my hands, you shall have the house and the 200 acres along with it, and your salary as well! Come, your hand on it!"

"Are you serious, Jack?" Jim breathed hoarsely, and looked anxiously forward, for the train was slowly pulling out, and the lady on the platform had evidently counted up her belongings.

"As serious as ever I shall be in this life, Jim. Come, swear you'll marry her, for I never will."

"I'll swear," said Jim, bravely, pressing his cousin's hand. "Now, come on."

The woman on the platform came forward somewhat awkwardly to meet them; her face was redder than ever, and there was no doubt about it, she was *extremely* plain.

"Are you Miss Smith?" asked Jim in a trembling voice, lifting his hat to her.

"Yes, I am—Laura Smith," she said nervously.

"Well, I'm Jim Cross—J. Cross I used to sign myself—and here—well, I've never told you about it before, but this is J. Cross, too."

Jack Cross, my cousin, whom I live with, one of the greatest and best hearted fellows in the world. I never told you there were two of us."



## MARRIAGE BY CORRESPONDENCE

"No," said Miss Smith, and her voice was very sweet and pleasant, and her charming smile made one forget how plain she was in reality.

Jack somewhat sheepishly made his little speech of welcome, and suggested, as the town was only three miles away, he would walk, the others could drive, and all meet later at the hotel for breakfast. With a very thankful heart Jack, therefore, saw Miss Smith and Jim and all her little belongings packed into the buggy and drive off.

As he strode along the country road he felt as if a huge burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He sang, he whistled, he ran for very relief and delight, but every now and then he would stop short and say to himself with deep feeling, "Poor, poor old Jim! Poor old chap! She is short, stout, with red cheeks, and I'm certain she has a squint—poor, poor old fellow! Well, she has a nice voice and pretty teeth, and those things she sent at Christmas were really very good. If she's such a rattling good housekeeper, Jim isn't perhaps to be pitied so much, still—Goodness me! how thankful I feel! She doesn't evidently take to it one bit that she really should marry me; seems real dumbfounded to find Jim had a pal and a brother, so to speak."

When Jack arrived at the hotel, he found the bride and bridegroom had evidently made the most of the drive together, and seemed on the happiest of terms with each other. The three sat down to breakfast together; Jack was very silent, but Miss Smith chattered on gaily about her journey, the differences between East and West and the new country she had passed through. When the meal was over and Miss Smith had retired to change her travelling dress, Jim came softly up to Jack, who stood gazing gloomily out of the hotel window.

"Say, old chap, you don't regret it?"

"Regret what? Missing *her*? Heavens, no!"

"Oh, no, not *that*! Don't you regret giving me the house and the 200 acres?"

"Indeed no—a hundred times no. We'll go round to Evans, my lawyer, presently and have the deeds drawn up. Honest him! I mean you to have all; but couldn't you *bury her off*—send her back by to-night's mail?"

"Why, no, old boy. I regret nothing. I mean to marry Miss Smith in two hours'

time, and settle down on my acres as happy as a king!"

"But," said Jack, somewhat helplessly, "she has a squint! She is short and stout, she has red hair; in fact, she's everything I don't admire in woman!"

"Yes, she's got all those things, though it's only a slight squint, and that she *may* have remedied; the other things don't count with me. She's a heart of gold; of that I'm convinced."

"Well, if that's so, and you feel quite happy about it, old man, I'll say no more. And may you be as happy as you deserve."

Jim and Miss Smith were duly married, the house and the 200 acres made over legally by Jack to his cousin, and the three drove back next day to the farm.

Mrs. Jim Cross proved herself a most excellent housekeeper, a beautiful cook, and a delightful and merry companion. Sometimes Jack, in his lonely, untidy shack at night, would enumerate to himself her defects: "She is short and stout, has red hair, red cheeks, and a squint! And yet, what a capital wife she makes Jim!"

Three weeks after the wedding Jim came into Jack's shack late at night with the mail, which he had fetched from town, and a telegram for Jack, who opened it in surprise; it was from the very town in the East from which Mrs. Jim had come, and it was as follows:

"Arrive by nine o'clock Thursday. Please meet me.—LUCY SMITH."

"What the deuce does this mean?" groaned poor Jack, handing the message to Jim.

"Just what it says," returned Jim cheerfully. "You must take the rig to-morrow and meet Lucy Smith."

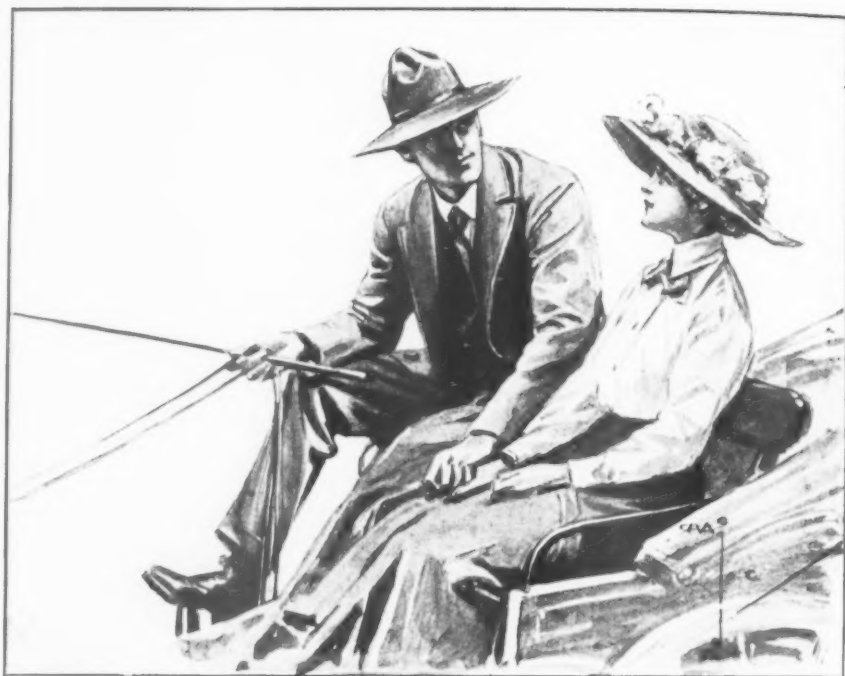
"But, hang it. We met one Miss Smith a month ago, and now she's your wife in the very next house!"

"I know. You see, there are two J. Crosses, too—Jack and Jim. You'd best go. I'll have the rig ready."

Jack slept little that night; he thought he'd go in the morning to the depot. He guessed it was all a hoax, but still—who had sent the wire? Anyhow, he had to go to town on business, so he might as well drive round by the depot and see the joke through.

There was no chance of missing the train;





"'And now,' said Jack, pressing Miss Lucy Smith's hand very tenderly, 'we'll marry by mutual consent.'"

Jim had the team and buggy ready long before time. Mrs. Jim did not appear, and Jack, very dubious about this proceeding, drove off to see what would happen. Arrived at the depot, he tied the team up under the maple trees and sat down to await events—just as he and Jim had waited there a month ago. But this morning the train was punctual; this morning, as before, only one passenger alighted, and Jack, with a beating heart, stood upon the buggy step to look at her. For once again it was a woman, or girl rather—a tall, slim slip of a girl with a wealth of golden curls and pretty blue eyes; she had evidently not expected to be at her destination so soon, for she held her flower-trimmed hat in one hand. As she stood, fair, sweet, blooming as any rose in June should, with comeliness and charm, Jack said to himself with a sudden thrill of joy in his heart, "She's the one; she's my Miss Smith!"

But despite the fact of his delight, his sun-browned face was rather stern and set

as he advanced along the platform and, raising his hat to the blushing girl, said, "Are you Miss Smith, may I ask?"

"Yes, I am—Miss Lucy Smith," and the girl dimpled and smiled upon him.

"Then who the dickens was the Laura Smith who came a month ago and married my Cousin Jim? She should have been you?"

"And you should have been him, or rather you made him *you*!" pertly responded this young damsel.

"Well, kindly explain yourself, or things, for I can't. I wrote offering marriage in the name of J. Cross to Miss L. Smith; she accepted, and came, I supposed, a month ago."

"Yes; but she didn't bring *the* letter, because it wasn't hers. I've got it—it's mine—and if you keep your word as a gentleman, you'll marry me this very day, for I've got your letter here in my pocket offering to marry me." Then, seeing poor Jack simply stare blankly at her, she put



## MARRIAGE BY CORRESPONDENCE

on her hat with a little amused laugh, and said in that charming voice of hers that somehow reminded Jack very much of Mrs. Jim's, "Come, will you drive me to town behind those pretty horses of yours, or will you send me back again by to-night's mail?"

"No, certainly not!" said Jack. She was far too charming to let go so easily. "Get in, and we'll drive on."

"Now," said he, when they were flying along the quiet road, "please say who you are?"

"I am Lucy Smith. And you?"

"I am Jack Cross."

"And the other, Jim, who married my cousin?"

"Your cousin?"

"Why, yes; Laura Smith, who is six years older than I, and came here a month ago."

"I don't understand," groaned poor Jack. "Last year Jim arranged—he's my cousin, you know, and lives with me—"

"And Laura's my cousin, and I lived with her," interposed the girl.

"Yes, yes; well, Jim arranged I should marry someone—fair, slight, tall, and amiable—some nice girl, by first corresponding with her, so I wrote the letters to you. Did you write back to me?"

"Oh, yes; I always wrote. You signed yourself J. Cross, and I signed L. Smith, which was foolish, as we both had cousins with the same initials."

"But why did Laura come, and why did she marry Jim and not me?"

"Well, it was this way," and Lucy settled herself comfortably back in her seat—"it was this way: Laura and I lived with Laura's mother. We both wanted to marry and live out West. We didn't know any nice young men, and Laura said nobody would marry her because she's a squint, but she's a darling for all that! So I answered your letter, and—well, Laura made you all those cakes at Christmas. I'm afraid I'm not a very good cook. Then when we began to see how serious you were getting, we wrote and made inquiries about you from a minister we knew who is in this town—your mail town—and I hope will marry us to-day, for I've no intention of going

back. Well, he told us all about you: you were rich, and kind and nice; you had your cousin Jim to help you—he'd been down on his luck, and was poor, but very, very nice" (here Jack winced a little)—"and as Laura has quite a nice little income of her own, for my aunt died soon after I began to write to you, we decided she should go first and see how things were. I thought, as she had money and Mr. Jim evidently had none, she'd marry him, and you could marry me."

"But suppose"—and Jack drew the horses to a sudden halt and looked down rather grimly at the pretty face below his shoulder—"just suppose I'd *thought* Laura was the only Miss Smith, and I'd stuck to my bargain, and married her? What would you have done?"

"Oh, she would not have married you! She had strict injunctions from me to marry the poor one. If she had made a mistake, well"—with a shrug of her shoulders—"it would have served us right, I suppose, for trying to marry by correspondence."

"And now," said Jack, halting yet again just outside the town and pressing Miss Lucy Smith's hand very tenderly, "we'll marry by mutual consent."

On the steps of the hotel porch Jack and Lucy were met in triumph by Jim and Laura.

"So now you've had it all explained to you?" said Jim with a meaning grin. "Come in right away and let's have some breakfast; we've been waiting here for ages."

"So you were in the plot, were you?" cried Jack.

"Well, no, old chap, not the original one; else I'd never have had those fat 200 acres of yours and this fine house, though I guess there's room enough for four, especially as Laura'll have to do most of the housekeeping for a bit."

"Why, yes," said Jack thoughtfully, as he looked at the two cousins. "Mrs. Jim made all the cakes, Mr. Jim got the acres and the house all through trying to get up a marriage by correspondence. I think one is better by mutual consent personally given, don't you, Lucy?" and she sealed her consent with a kiss.





# The Hymn and the Crisis

By MORLEY ADAMS

When face to face with overwhelming catastrophe, the words of a hymn have often helped men to face the inevitable with courage and strength. This article tells the story of the part played by some notable hymns in the crises of life.

THE illustrations of our hymn-books are events and emotions, the life of the Church in its toils, the world in its conflict, and the life of the individual in its vicissitudes.

In the times of life's direst need, in overwhelming catastrophes, when men have been faced with death, the hymn has often bridged the gulf and the sacred words have helped men to face the inevitable with a courage which nothing else could inspire. Countless men and women have made the lines of hymns their last earthly utterance; have entered Eternity repeating the hymn started in Time.

## Mr. Stead's "Hymns that have Helped"

It is significant that Mr. W. T. Stead should have been the first man to issue a collection of hymns selected because they had helped men to live and die, significant because he himself was helped in the hour of death by the strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; the hymn that turned the tragedy of the *Titanic* into a heroic tradition. In a beautiful preface to his little book—now long out of print—Mr. Stead says: "Hymns have rung in the ears of some of us while still wandering in the streets of the City of Destruction, stern and shrill as the bugle-blast that rouses the sleeping camp to prepare for the onslaught of the foe. Their melody has haunted the ear amid the murmurs of the mart and the roar of the street. In the storm and stress of life's battle the echo of their sweet refrain has renewed our strength and dispelled our fears. They have been, as it were, the voices of the angels of God, and when we have heard them we could hear no other sound, neither the growling of the lions in the path, nor the curses and threatenings of the fiends from the pit. Around the hymn and the hymn tune how many associations gather from the earliest days, when, as infants, we were hushed to sleep on our

mother's lap by their monotonous chant? At this moment, on the slope of the Rockies, or in the sweltering jungles of India, in crowded Australian city or secluded English hamlet, the sound of some simple hymn tune will, as by magic spell, call from the silent grave the shadowy forms of the unforgotten dead, and transport the listener, involuntarily, over land and sea, to the scene of his childhood's years, to the village school, to the parish church."

Later in the same preface are these significant words—Mr. Stead is urging that hymns that have helped the individual are calculated to help other people: "There is," he says, "a curious and not altogether creditable shrinking on the part of many to testify as to their experience in the deeper matters of the soul. . . . Wanderers across the wilderness of life ought not to be chary of telling their fellow-travellers where they found the green oasis, the healing stream, or the shadow of a great rock in a desert land. It is not regarded as egotism when the passing steamer signals across the Atlantic wave news of her escape from perils of iceberg or fog, or welcome news of good cheer. Yet individuals shrink into themselves, repressing vigorously the fraternal instinct which bids them communicate the fruits of their experience to their fellows. Therein they deprive themselves of a share in the communion of saints, and refuse to partake with their brothers of the sacramental cup of human sympathy, or to break the sacred bread of the deeper experiences."

The hymns that have helped men, says Mr. Stead, "are those which bear as it were the hall-mark of heaven."

## The Tragedy of the *Titanic*

In the histories of nations and in the histories of individuals, just as a *Te Deum* of praise has ascended to God for victories won or for works accomplished, so when



## THE HYMN AND THE CRISIS

man has realised his utter helplessness and there appears no way of escape, he has sought Divine protection and guidance in the words of sacred poetry and in the music of a hymn tune.

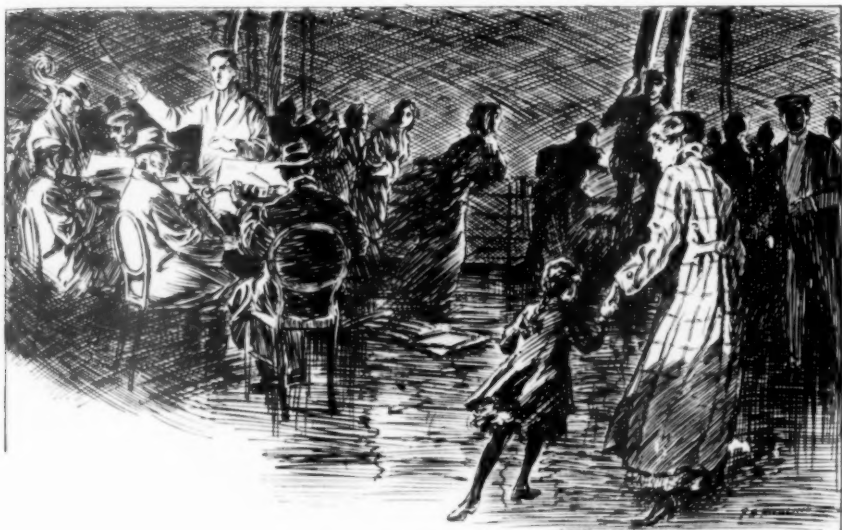
The dark waters have rolled back before the strains of sacred melody, and in the battle of life the song of triumph has caught the ear, and hearts become brave and arms strong again.

On the fateful Sunday night of April 14th the proud *Titanic* struck a submerged iceberg. At first little danger was apprehended,

the last music must bear an angel's part to call those shrinking souls near to their God. Never was the unconquerable spell of a hymn to beat down death so real. To wives who had bade a last farewell to husbands, floating in boats in that hideous twilight, came the strains of that glorious last-post:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

To dying men and bereaved women it was a message of a new hope; it spoke of a reunion, and those who were crossing the bar saw the Pilot face to face.



"Still the little band played on, though each man knew that soon the notes would be drowned in the icy waters of the Atlantic."

but soon a dangerous list of the huge ship showed that the damage was serious. Women and children were got into boats, and to allay any fears the little orchestra played lively airs. Wireless messages for help flashed across the sea, but soon it was apparent that help would come too late, and more than a thousand souls were face to face with death. Still the little band played on, though each man knew that soon the notes would be drowned in the icy waters of the Atlantic.

When all hope was abandoned, and the shadow of certain death enveloped the sinking ship, the band changed the air;

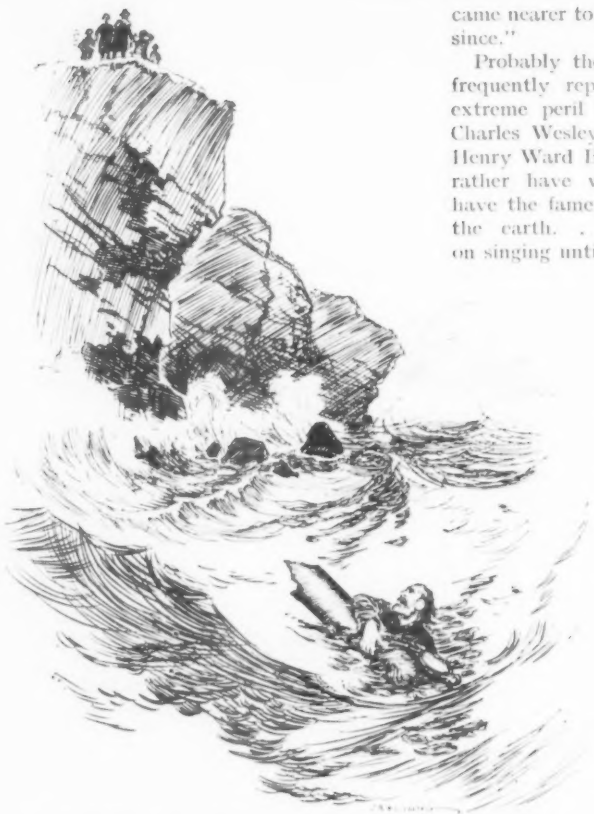
The hymn was written by a woman, Mrs. Adams, the daughter of Mr. Flower, who met his wife in Newgate prison, where he had been sent for criticising Bishop Watson, and for defending the French Revolution.

This hymn has been the consolation of many besides those who perished on the *Titanic*. In the American Civil War a little drummer-boy had his arm shot off. He lay dying on the battlefield of Fort Donelson, and during the thick of the fight his companions heard him singing with his latest breath, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

A Methodist related in his "experience"



## THE QUIVER.



"The minister put a trumpet to his lips. 'Look to Jesus!' he shouted; 'can you hear?'"

at a class meeting, how, at a period of life when passing through great trouble, doubts assailed him, and an agnostic had tried to persuade him that the trials he was enduring were no evidence of the love of God, he was tempted to renounce his belief. "Going home that night," he said, "I heard an old woman, in abject poverty and suffering agonies from an incurable disease, singing in quavering but joyous tones:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

"I felt ashamed of myself," he concludes, "and that night I found a new peace and

came nearer to God and have never doubted since."

Probably the hymn that has been most frequently repeated or sung in times of extreme peril is that wonderful hymn of Charles Wesley, "Jesu, lover of my soul." Henry Ward Beecher said of it: "I would rather have written this hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that sat on the earth. . . . That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

In a seaside village on the coast of Wales at the close of a Sabbath day, the worshippers, returning home from church, saw a large vessel being driven by the fury of sea and wind dead on to the rock-bound coast. Nothing could be done, and the watchers could only stand on the cliffs and wring their hands in hopeless impotency. Nearer and nearer the wreck was driven, and presently the horror-stricken onlookers saw the ship break in halves and disappear. One last figure—a man—was seen to be clinging to a spar. Everyone on shore could distinctly see him, but to save him was an absolutely hopeless task.

"Send him a message," someone shouted, and the minister put a trumpet to his lips. "Look to Jesus!" he shouted; "can you hear?"

Like an echo, faint but distinct, came the simple answer, "Aye, aye, sir."

There was nothing else to be said, only those words which unite the last learned of all life's lessons with the first truth of religion.

The trumpet was still at the minister's lips and he was framing another message, but before he could utter it, the far-away voice of the drowning man was heard coming from across the waters, broken by the winds, but the watchers could connect up the well-known words; he was singing:



## THE HYMN AND THE CRISIS

"Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

He sang through the first verse and commenced the second:

"Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not——"

But the line was never finished, and when next the people on the beach saw the floating spar its living figure had gone.

A somewhat similar story is told of a wreck in the English Channel. A mother and child were lashed to a spar, and the woman had given up all hope of rescue and was drifting in the darkness, as she thought, to her death. She lifted up a feeble voice and sang:

"Jesu, lover of my soul."

She was heard by a passing ship and rescued. Innumerable stories are told of the help this hymn has afforded to mortals in the hour of death. It has been, as it were, a sword with which the terrors of death and hell have been fought and vanquished.

"That hymn," says a famous London preacher, "is never sung in my church but I see the tear glistening in some eye, and

behind those tears are some of the loveliest of life's romances: the hymn has reconciled them to the parting of a loved one, and the familiar words and tune speak of a sure reunion; the hymn has been the last articulate words of mother, father, and child in a thousand cases, and around it linger the sweet odours of consecrated memories."

### The Hymn that Saved

A charming story is told by Professor Drummond concerning this hymn. Two Americans, who were crossing the Atlantic, met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn:

"Jesu, lover of my soul,"

one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and, although he did not know the face, he thought he knew the voice, so when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had not been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. "Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first. "Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night, which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It



"My men had their rifles  
focused upon you, waiting  
the word to fire"—p. 1118.



## THE QUIVER

was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy was known to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn :

'All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out :

'Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing,'

I said, 'Lads, lower your rifles ; we will go home.' "

A hymn that has been a consolation to many, especially Scotch people, is that paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm, the first verse of which is :

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green ; he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

This hymn has well been called the Scotch Te Deum, and every line of it has been engraved for centuries on Scottish hearts. Mr. S. R. Crockett says of it : "There is no hymn like 'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.' I think I must have stood by quite a hundred men and women as they lay a-dying . . . and these words—the first learned by the child—were also the words that ushered most of them out into the quiet."

### The Martyred Saints

In the times of crisis it has helped many, and none, perhaps, more than that twenty-years-old servant, Marion Harvey, who was executed at Edinburgh with Isabel Alison for the heinous crime of having attended the preaching of Donald Cargill. On the morning of the execution they were being conducted to the scaffold and a curate pestered them with his prayers. Marion turned away impatiently, exclaiming to

her companion, "Come, Isabel, let us sing the twenty-third Psalm." And both girls lifted up their voices and sang, "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want"—a divine duet, sang without a quaver in the shadow of the gallows.

Henry Irving recited this hymn as he lay dying, and centuries before St. Francis of Assisi went barefooted and alone to convert the Sultan, taking, as he well knew, his life in his hands. He kept repeating the fourth verse of this Psalm :

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill,  
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still."

Toplady's immortal "Rock of Ages" is, perhaps, the most popular hymn in the world to-day, and scores of stories are told of its use in the times of life's extremities. I have only room for one. On January 11th, 1866, the *London*, a passenger ship, was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay. There were not sufficient boats for all the passengers, and those in the boats watched, in agony and helplessness, the ship going down, its decks lined with men and women. Then someone started to sing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and all on the doomed vessel took up the refrain. As the boats rowed away, above the shrieking of the wind the survivors heard the broken words of the hymn that gave the victory over death, just as "Nearer, my God, to Thee" in the case of the *Titanic*. The author of "Rock of Ages" was for some years curate of Blagdon on the Mendips, and it is said that one day, being overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm, he sought shelter between two massive piers of rock and then penned this hymn. The source of the hymn is otherwise ascribed as having been written by Toplady as an argument against Wesley's doctrine of absolute holiness.

It is not a matter of surprise that hymns about heaven should be among the most beautiful and inspiring to life's pilgrims. The theme is one that inspires the poet, and all the deeper experiences of both sorrow and joy awake the hope of immortality. It is the ministry of the imagination to picture heaven as a land of highest joys, and we cannot afford to give up our "streets of gold," "beautiful river," "the harp and the crown," and the country "with milk and honey blest." The New Jerusalem has



## THE HYMN AND THE CRISIS

formed the topic of some of our loveliest hymns. Bernard of Cluny has given us a celestial fairyland, and the unknown "F. B. P." in that tender, yearning hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," finds a beautiful expression of the Christian hope. To many a pilgrim who has fought a good fight, and who, as it were, is unbuckling his armour and standing at the river's brink, the contemplation of the heaven of his hymns has been a real inspiration. At such time the glorious sheen of the pastures of the blessed and the halls of Zion, jubilant with song, is the glory he has striven for, and such is the vision that he sees on the other side of the river.

An old man lay dying at the close of a summer's day. The window was open, and from his pillow he could see the glories of the country outside. In answer to a wistful look in his eyes as he gazed out of the window, someone asked him if he wished to leave so beautiful a world. His eyes roved from the garden to the blue sky and he repeated :

"When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold;  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?  
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know;  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you."

I shall never forget an incident that happened just after the *Titanic* disaster, an incident fanciful, it may be, but at the time impressive, and one that suggested to me the making of an article on "The Hymn and the Crisis." Myself and some friends were standing outside the White Star offices, awaiting the posting up of the list of survivors. It was the day of the sun's eclipse, and during that strange semi-darkness some man in the crowd took off his hat and repeated the fourth verse of that famous hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears":



"Marion turned away impatiently, exclaiming to her companion, 'Come, Isabel, let us sing the twenty-third Psalm.'"

"What though thou rulest not,  
Yet heaven and earth and hell  
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well."

At that moment the heavens were declaring the omnipotency of God, and, as in the long-dead days the rainbow-arch had been His mercy's sign after the flood, so, after this great catastrophe, the sun was darkened that faith might live and men believe.

This same hymn has penetrated, like a gleam of sunshine, the dark clouds of many of the inscrutable problems of human suffering.

As the written Word is a lamp unto our feet to guide us from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, so the rhymed word is a deep fountain whence we drink the waters of comfort that give us fresh strength for the journey:

"God sent His singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again."



# A Question of Strategy

Shows the Difficulties of assisting Cupid

By E. M. SMITH

Illustrated by GUNNING KING

"IF Peter Rouse comes about the calf again, tell him he can't have it—not at his price. That is all, Jeremy; let the mare go." And, as she finished speaking, Rachel Howard shook the reins to wake the old horse from the gentle little doze in which it was indulging.

But, in spite of his mistress's words, Jeremy had not moved his hand from the shaft of the cart where it was resting—had only shuffled a little nearer that he might peer anxiously up into her face with his blinking old eyes.

"Well, Jeremy, what is it? what do you want to say?"

"Our John, missus," Jeremy hesitatingly began.

"And what have you to say about him?" Rachel's voice was sharp.

"He—he don't seem, to me, to get no furreder, missus."

"The work is as forward as it well can be, Jeremy."

"Tain't the work, missus, of what I'm thinking. It is on my mind that a time comes when a man should have a wife, and little 'uns, too, of his own."

"Aye, Jeremy. We may think so, but there are some men who don't seem to think the same."

"If our John don't get furreder mighty quick, his chance'll be gone. Miss Devison—that there young man down at the shop is always after her nowadays."

"Aye," Rachel again shortly assented. "That will do, Jeremy. It is beyond our power to alter, and what we can't mend we had better leave alone."

"The mare's off fore shoe is loose, missus."

"I will leave her at the smith's while I do my round."

Rachel Howard's spare figure was erect and tense as she sat in the cart, and the keen eyes—from out the setting of fine wrinkles that time and work had set alike round eyes and mouth—were troubled. For Jeremy's words had started an unpleasant train of thoughts in her mind.

Hers had been a hard, an anxious life, with the greater part of it faced alone. Her husband, when her babe was only a few weeks old, had been brought home, dying, hopelessly injured in an accident with a young horse. With the aid of the man, Jeremy, she had wrestled to wring a living out of the tiny farm perched high upon the moors, where all her husband's life had been spent. A better son than the babe grew woman had never known, but of late Rachel had felt her years press heavily upon her, and had grown passionately to desire that day when her son would bring home a wife to the little farm, for, although more than thirty years had passed since her husband's death, she still reigned alone and supreme.

Rachel completed her round—left her butter and cream and eggs at the ordinary places, and made her usual weekly purchases. But instead of retracing her steps to the smith's where the mare had been left, she turned aside and rang the bell at the tall, red house where lived the doctor.

"Well, Mrs. Howard?" he said, looking questioningly at the woman as he swung round in his chair to face her. Then, noting the trouble of her face, he added more gently, "Sit down, and tell me what has brought you again?"

"When I was here before I felt too dazed to take in all you told me, so I thought I would like to go over things again to make sure I understand everything," Rachel said with quiet dignity, as she seated herself.

"Do not let your mind dwell and brood upon your condition of health, Mrs. Howard; that will certainly do you no good."

"It's not my way, sir, to dwell upon what can't be helped. But I like to make sure of things, so that then I can make my plans," Rachel simply answered.

"Well, ask me whatever you like, and I will answer you if I can."

"You are sure, quite sure, sir, that those pains mean what you told me?" Rachel's voice had faltered a little over the words, but the doctor only nodded.



## A QUESTION OF STRATEGY

"And you don't think I am likely to hold out for more than about six months? That's not a very long time in which to bring anything to pass."

"I am afraid it is not likely that you will go longer than that before it is necessary to have the operation."

The woman sat silent, her lips tightly closed and her eyes brooding and anxious. The doctor watched her. "You want a woman with you to comfort and uphold you. Have you not a daughter?" he gently said.

"Yes, sir."

"Then send for her and keep her at home; her presence will both spare and comfort you."

"I am more like to go to her than she to come to me," Rachel calmly answered. "It is thirty-four years ago next month that my husband and I laid her in the churchyard."

"Houts! Have you, then, only that great son of whom I bought the nag?"

"He is my only child—living."

"Well, he should marry and give you the daughter you require."

"Yes," Rachel sighed. Then she rose to her feet, saying, "I need trouble you no more, sir."

"It is no trouble. And if you feel you want to talk things out, do not hesitate to come to me. And tell your great son what I said—tell him to marry."

From the doctor's Rachel went to the outskirts of the town, where lived the better class artisan in rows of tiny villa-like cottages. At one of these she knocked.

"Well, to be sure, if it isn't you, Rachel! What a surprise!" exclaimed the faded, prim woman who opened the door.

"I was in the town, Susan, with some time to spare, so I thought I would

turn in for a chat and, maybe, you'd give me a cup of tea."

"To be sure, to be sure. Come in, Rachel; I am very pleased to see you."

With their tea finished, the two women—companions, though never friends, from childhood's days—drew their chairs up to the fire, comfortably to discuss the innermost things of interest. And what could equal in interest to either woman—both widows—the subject of their only sons? Mrs. Pringle commenced, as she carefully turned back her skirt over her knees to protect it from the fire, "John is well, I hope, Rachel?"

"He is never anything else, thank you, Susan."

"What a comfort that must be to you! It would be hard to bear up in that lonely, out-of-the-way place where you live, with



"If our John don't get surreder mighty quick, his chance'll be gone."





"Do you find the mists from the river make your house very damp, Susan?" she abruptly demanded."

nothing ever to take your thoughts, if you always had the fear of losing him."

"Well, I haven't," Rachel brusquely answered.

"You must be pretty lonely, nevertheless, so out of the way as the farm is. And John don't seem in a hurry to brighten it by bringing home a wife. Though, maybe, he doesn't do that because you wouldn't like it."

"John will only do what is right, and I'm content with whatever he does."

"To be sure! It is a comfort you can take it like that." Susan spoke sentimentally, with her head on one side. ("She always was sentimental," Rachel scornfully thought.) "For my part," she continued, "I am looking forward to my son bringing home a wife to be a daughter to me; the work gets a bit beyond me. And although my boy is younger than yours, by the signs I don't think I'll have to wait long now. Such taking ways my Albert has with him; his father always said he took after me and not after him."

Susan Pringle continued dreamily to gaze into the heart of the fire, but Rachel's keen grey eyes were fixed searchingly upon her face. "Do you find the mists from the river make your house very damp, Susan?" she abruptly demanded.

"Mists!" Susan vaguely echoed. Her mind was far away, and she did not take any interest in abstract things such as mists.

"Yes; the damp that comes up from the river, and through the town lying so low among the hills. They used to be pretty bad when you lived here before, Susan, but they are worse now. There has been so much building in the place, and it seems to me that bricks and mortar always bring fogs."

Mrs. Pringle rose and went to the window. "It do lay a bit thick," she admitted, as she peeped from behind the curtains.

"I saw Albert—he served me—when I got my groceries," Rachel continued. And Susan, pleased at the turn conversation had taken, came back to her seat by the fire.



## A QUESTION OF STRATEGY

"He is always in of an afternoon," she commented. "He is out of mornings, going round to the houses for orders on his bicycle, and sometimes again of an evening, but he is always in of an afternoon."

"Yes, I know. What a colour he has got, Susan."

"Albert always has had a good skin; he takes after me." Albert's mother had bridled.

"His father had a good colour, too—most generally."

"His father!" Susan echoed in a startled voice.

"Do you always keep him in flannels?" Rachel deliberately asked.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Your husband was not a long liver, Susan."

"To be sure! Neither was yours," Mrs. Pringle spitefully cried.

"Mine didn't cough his life away. His back was broke when the young horse spilled him the day of the great storm. I had never known him to ail a day all the time we were married," Rachel calmly said.

"You don't think that my boy is delicate, and is taking after his father, do you, Rachel?"

"One never can tell, and you can't be too careful, Susan, knowing what you do; and having come to such a nasty damp place to live in, too. If I were you I'd always keep him in flannels, and get him to bide in as much as he can of an evening when the mists are out."

"But if he does, when will he get the chance ever to see May Devison—busy like she is in the school all day, and only free of evenings. And he is so set upon her."

Rachel caught her breath sharply, for she also knew of someone who was "so set upon May Devison," but who was so diffident that he would not put out his hand to take that which his mother felt convinced might be his if he chose. "I should be careful if I were you; as I said before, it's a pity he has to live in a place like this where there are always a lot of bad coughs about," she said in a hard voice. "I must be going now, Susan, but when I am in the town again, I will bring you some fresh cream and eggs. There is nothing like cream and eggs for fighting off a decline."

Although it was a Saturday morning, a

time when she usually scorned a moment's rest, Rachel Howard sat wearily down in the curious old wooden, wheel-back chair which she knew had been her mother's and, for all she knew, her mother's before her. The keen grey eyes which so unseeingly gazed out of the window, were a little dimmed, for of late they had been looking long and searchingly into the heart of very hard matters—and time had set its mark upon the fine strong face.

Six weary months had passed since she had paid her visit to the doctor in the tall red house. And the ever-increasing pain made it not only difficult to keep about and get through her work—sternly stifling back any indication of it—but it also warned her that the time was drawing very nigh when she must give up the fight, and, making the journey to the distant hospital, must face her ordeal.

And her grief was increased by the thought that when she went she must leave her spotless little home in the hands of the feckless Amelia—"that lazy, talkative slattern," Rachel called her—the daughter of old Jeremy's, who had lived with him since her widowhood, and who did all the work at the farm which was beyond its mistress.

And John! The pain she daily saw in his eyes was harder to bear than was that one in her side. For John Howard had looked into Paradise, and, behold, seeing how fair it was, had desired to enter. But when he would have done so, it seemed that the gates were shutting in his very face; and he would be condemned to wander through life with an unsatisfied, an awakened soul. And only because, his mother was convinced, diffidence withheld him putting out his hand.

"Don't stick at your work and books so, John; there is more in life than those," his mother told him.

"Work always tells in the end, mother; and there is a sight of satisfaction to be got from books."

"You will be thinking you're a Burns next," his mother scoffed.

"Not I. I'll only learn to know the meaning that is hidden under the written words."

"Books are all right, John, but there is not as much satisfaction to be got from them as there is from the love and the touch of a woman."



## THE QUIVER

"You are right, mother." And the tall, big John stooped, and, with arm round his mother's waist, kissed her.

"Tut tut, boy! Not an old woman like me. It's the maids you should be doing it to, John."

"It's not much good thinking about that, mother; there is not much in me, you see, to make a maid care," the big man sighed.

"Ask *her*, and see. You never know a maid's mind until you have tried it."

"No, no. I am not going to say or do anything to bring a shadow to the maid's face. And I've no doubt she is choosing the better man, and— Well, God bless her always."

"You give no chance to yourself, John; you keep so out of the way and give up. Give up! Sheer stupidity, I call it, with never a saving grace in it."

"Well, I'm going out now."

"Just to the sheep?"

"Yes, to the sheep."

And, also, there was further unpleasant matter for thought. Early that same morning Mrs. Pringle had toiled up the hill to the farm. "I said you should be the first to know, Rachel, since you have been so thoughtful for my poor boy," she panted, as she sank down upon a chair. "It is all quite settled now. He is to have charge of a branch shop in a village just outside Bournemouth—and that's where you've said, all the time, that he ought to be."

"Yes," Rachel mechanically assented.

"And there is a beautiful tax cart, with a tilt to it, which he will have to drive about in for orders—all among the pines and by the sea. And there is a man and a boy under him, so he won't have to take the things out or to do anything heavy. It's a biggish house we are going to—over the shop—and it's more than I'd care to take on to manage by myself, especially with the lad living in. But I don't think I need worry over that; by the signs I don't think I shall have to work it alone for long. I shouldn't wonder but what to-day will decide it—so touched has *she* been at my poor boy's delicacy and your thoughtfulness." And Susan Pringle wagged her head knowingly.

Rachel's face had been very pinched and grey as she watched her old-time companion disappearing over the crest of the hill. It seemed that her carefully laid

schemes were only bringing that to pass which she had fought to avoid.

She was roused from her gloomy reverie by a girl's gay voice calling "Good-morning" from the open doorway, and she turned her face in the direction of the voice. "Good-morning, May," she heavily answered.

The girl crossed the kitchen and, stooping, affectionately kissed the woman. "You look tired—or not well; lately I have thought you looking not at all well," she exclaimed.

"No, May, I'm not well, nor very like to be."

The girl drew up a chair and sat down beside Mrs. Howard, drawing a hand of the elder woman's between her own young warm ones. "Would it comfort you to tell me the trouble?" she gently asked.

"I'm not given to talking about myself, May."

With that rare sympathy and comprehension, which first had won Mrs. Howard's heart, the girl remained silent. When at last she spoke, it had only been cheerfully to suggest that she should help in the ordinary Saturday round of work. "I can do other things besides teach the dear babies in school," she laughed. "Mother was always determined that we girls should know how to work a house, and I, being the eldest of nine and our home a farm, have had plenty of opportunity of practising, both before college days and since, when I have been home from my posts."

"Yes, May, I know very well that you understand the work of a house and dairy—and can do it well, too. But—" Mrs. Howard's eyes were taking to themselves their old look of keenness—"it is not only the work that bothers me. Have you time to spare?"

"Yes, plenty. I really have nothing to do to-day, except that I half promised Mrs. Pringle, when I met her on my way up here, to go in to tea with her. She says Albert has some important news which he wishes himself to tell me."

Rachel's lips were tightly gripped, but she made no comment. "Have you come up on your bicycle?" she sharply demanded.

"Oh, yes; I always ride whenever I can."

"I have a setting of duck's eggs being kept for me, out at Thorpe. My brown hen is ready for them now, but the bother is



## A QUESTION OF STRATEGY

I've no way of getting them. Jeremy is much too busy to go, and John is out—won't be back till too late to fetch them. Do you think you could go for me?"

"Of course I can; and I shall love the ride."

"Thorpe is a longish distance away, so you had better start at once and not wait for dinner. I'll put you up something in a basket to have on the way, and will have tea ready for you, whenever you get in."

"It will be lovely, Mrs. Howard—a perfect holiday picnic," the girl gaily cried.

"Now, if we don't have wind and some scuds of snow before the day is out, I'm very much mistaken," Mrs. Howard muttered as she watched the girl ride away. "And I reckon her and John's ways and time will just about meet; if she can't ride he will have to wheel her bicycle—it ought to loosen his tongue."

The weather had quite fulfilled Rachel's expectations. Early in the afternoon the wind had risen, and before long was driving

scuds of snow before it; it was a typical early March afternoon on the moors. "They should have met by now, and John will be walking beside her, and May will be looking rare and pretty with the wind driving the colour into her face and making her hair loose and curly," Rachel told herself with great satisfaction.

But the light waned early, and the snow settled down in a more business-like fashion. The plenteous farmhouse tea was ready, and the "slatern Amelia" had taken herself away, talking over her shoulder long after there was the remotest chance of her mistress hearing. "But, there," Rachel impatiently exclaimed, "Amelia would talk to a post if there was nothing else to which she could clack!"

Later on Jeremy had lifted the latch and had looked in. "The cattle are fed and are right for the night, missus."

"That's right, Jeremy."

"The young master—our John—there is his horse——"

"He'll put it up for himself. You make



"She was roused from her gloomy reverie by a girl's gay voice calling 'Good-morning' from the open doorway."



## THE QUIVER

haste home before the storm gets worse, Jeremy," Rachel kindly advised the old man.

Rachel, as she waited, sat before the bright, crackling fire, her mind occupied with much speculation. Had they met? Had John spoken? And, if he had, what would be bonny May's answer? Anyhow, whatever it was, the girl had been prevented from going to tea, and from being told Albert's important news.

She was surprised to find that the dusk had given way to darkness. "I wish they were in; it will be a fight across the moors," she sighed uneasily, as she busied herself with the lighting of lamps and the drawing of curtains.

The clock struck seven. Rachel was undeniably anxious now. "What can have made them so late? Pray God they've met, and that girl is not wandering about in the darkness by herself," she muttered.

The wind howled around the buildings. Across in the yard, one of the cattle began incessantly to low. Rachel lit a lantern to go and see what ailed the beast, but as she opened the outer door the wind not only tore it from her grasp, but extinguished the lantern. By the time she had relit it and fought her way across the yard and back, anxiety had given place to grim fear. She stood in the middle of the warm, lighted room, a spare, tense figure, debating what was possible and what it was wise to do. Summon help! The nearest to whom she could go for aid were old Jeremy and the helpless Amelia, and they, even, were distant a good half-mile. Besides, if help was summoned, what could then be done? It would be hopeless to search the moor in this whirling darkness; and, after all, neither John nor the girl might have started; they might have remained in shelter till the storm should pass.

She went upstairs, to return with an armful of her son's clothing and some—carefully chosen—of her own; these she put to the fire. "They will be cold and wet, and will want a change when they get in," she sighed.

But no one came. The minutes ticked round to the hour, and on again to another. Rachel lit the lantern and, catching up a shawl, staggered out into the road; but no answer came to her despairing call.

Back in the house, she lit every lamp she possessed, and set them in uncurtained

windows. They might serve as a beckoning guide to wanderers.

As the weary minutes crawled on, Rachel's mind went back to that other night of storm when she waited, her babe in her arms, and when they had brought to her her dying husband. "Not that! Oh, God, not that!" she moaned.

But Rachel was one who believed in keeping her powder dry. She lit roaring fires in her son's and her own room, and on the big four-post bedstead in which she had slept all her married life, placed fresh, sweet, lavender-scented sheets. "The bed may be wanted for the girl," she sighed.

Then there was nothing but to sit down and wait. "It's I who have brought this on their heads through my scheming. Oh God, visit it not upon them—they are young and innocent! The fault is mine alone; let the punishment fall only upon my head!" she prayed.

The clock had just completed striking the hour of midnight when her tense senses perceived a sound. She hurried to the door and stumbled out through the lashing, driving wind and snow into the road. "My son! my son! John! May!" she cried—a cry which still was unanswered.

"My son! my son!" she wailed.

This time there came an answering call, and, wild with hope, she plunged in the direction of the sound.

She was suddenly calm. The punishment, of a truth, had not fallen upon innocent heads, for before her she saw her son, leading a horse upon which was sitting a girl. And both man and maid called cheerily to her.

John had lifted the girl off the horse, and had followed his mother up the pathway to the door. Within its shelter he stooped and kissed her, and then, before she could slide from his arms, the girl whom he carried.

"It is a mercy I was later than I had thought to be, mother, for May had given up the road as she had to walk, and, through the storm, had strayed from the right track—she was nigh spent when I came across her. Together we've faced the storm out, mother, and so, we think, we may our life," the big man said, in a voice which vibrated with joy and triumph. And Rachel, with a heart at rest, gathered the spent but happy girl into her arms, and pressed her against a thankful and a very grateful heart.



## Ice-bound Labrador

Some Glimpses of the Work of a Noble Englishwoman

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

ON the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the south shore of the lonely Labrador peninsula, little scattered villages of fishermen and fur-trappers cling there almost as limpets do to rocks at high-water line. Not one living soul inhabits the vast hinterland of the peninsula, with the exception of a few wandering Indians. It is a huge rolling upland of moss-covered barrens and marshes, with the river valleys filled with spruces and firs, and every here and there weird rocky mountain crags with huge lakes between. The sea is frozen for half the year, and for seven months out of twelve the land also is frozen and more or less snow-covered.

The fishermen are the descendants of Englishmen from Dorset and Devonshire who, hundreds of years ago, went out to the large fishing firms of Newfoundland. Scattered amongst them are Jersey and Guernsey stock, whose forbears were among the roving sailors who were famous for their enterprise and hardihood. Among them also are good Scotch names, and here and there you may still catch the burring "r" which carries one in memory back to the hills of Scotland.

A hardy and strenuous life is that of the Labradorian, with its seasons of plenty, when the fish strike home to the shore, and scarcity of ground mice, on which they feed, brings foxes to the baited traps; when everything goes merry as a marriage bell. And then, alas—storms ruin the boats and nets, hard winters follow, and the wolf of hunger besets the door of a people who have not learned or been able to put by against the evil day.

It was exactly twenty

years ago, in the stout little hospital vessel *Albert*, of about 99 tons, that I first sighted these shores. We cruised along the southern and eastern coast till the approach of winter and the freezing sea drove us back to warmer waters. Nothing was farther from my mind in those days than the idea of settling in Labrador. But as I scanned the record of my summer's cruise as we ran home across the Atlantic before the westerly Equinoctials, some plain facts kept making themselves apparent. Here was a fine, virile, English-speaking people, our own kith and kin, with hopes and aspirations the same as ours. I had seen and treated over nine hundred sick and injured people who would otherwise have had no skilled help in their hour of need. I had seen many naked and hungry children with no one to look to, growing up ignorant and without the chance of ever assuming the position in life to which the gifts with which they were endowed entitled them. But, worst of all, we were leaving the coast for at least eight months, possibly for ever; and the thought of there being no city of refuge, no port at all in a storm, lessened



FORTEAU IN JULY.

"Denison Cottage" (Nurse Bailey's house) in foreground.



## THE QUIVER

my own pleasure in returning to our own comfortable home and the land of blessings.

And so we returned the next year, and have returned or remained for twenty years, trying to translate the meaning of God's Fatherhood into other than verbal messages. Yet there were long stretches of coast where in winter the people were often unable to tell of their troubles in time for us to reach them and whole districts along which we learned to know and love the people during the long summer cruises in the little hospital vessel from which in winter we were entirely cut off. Then my colleagues, with unselfish zeal, took to travelling the hundreds of miles of coast during the winter with dogs and sledges, bringing help and comfort to many a lonely district.

We now had four little hospitals, of which only three were open in winter. But while the doctor was five hundred miles north he was just that much farther away from the people in the south. So, among other enterprises, we decided on a new experiment. In a central district, just a hundred miles from the nearest hospital, we agreed that if every able-bodied man in the neighbourhood would give a week each year to carry a nurse as she went on her journeys, or to bring her fire, wood, and water, we would try and find one who would come and live among them.

Such a one we found in Nurse Florence Bailey, who now for five years has been trying, through the undeniable ministrations of a trained nurse and Christian lady all along the coast, to give that gospel of the grace of God which finds its expression in loving deeds.

Just as we decided to begin, a strange coincidence happened. I was the guest of

one of the professors at a large American college. During the Civil War between the North and South he had served on the Northern side, against slavery. To my intense surprise he said one day, "I want you to tell me how I can help the south coast of Labrador. Over forty years ago, when invalided from the army, I went to sea in a Gloucester banking schooner to try and regain my health. During the voyage I found that the crew were all Southerners in sympathy, and almost the first time that I walked ashore on the Labrador coast they sailed away and left me marooned. I had nothing left and no way to get credentials. The clothes I

stood up in soon wore out, and to say that I was a gentleman out for a holiday seemed preposterous. Yet the Labrador people, without exception, dreadfully poor as many of them were, treated me with hospitality beyond belief, and even gave me clothing from their scanty supply. Ever since I have hoped I might live to acknowledge in some way their kindness to me. What can I do?"

"Provide the material for a cottage for the nurse," I answered, "right in the centre of the district through which you travelled. The people will put it up, and we will get a nurse if we can, and keep her as long as we can afford it."

He gave \$1,000. The cottage is built. The land around it is cleared. Year in and year out the nurse has kept her station, except for those periods when, owing to shortage of help, we have been forced to send for her in haste to fill a vacancy in one of our hospitals. She is known all along that dreary coast, having "cruised it," as we say, at all seasons of the year—yes, and at all times of the day and night—"on dogs," in boats, and



NURSE BAILEY AND TWO OF THE CHILDREN BROUGHT DOWN TO FORTEAU FROM NORTHERN LABRADOR.





DOGS AT FORTEAU (FOR WHOSE KEEP  
DR. GRENFELL IS APPEALING.



MISS BAILEY STARTING OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY IN  
WINTER.



## THE QUIVER

on "Shanks's pony." Besides this, many an orphan waif and many a sick child has found shelter under her cosy roof, and has been weaned back to life and happiness.

She herself can give much the best account of her many journeys, but from what we have learned from her strange clientele, she has had some odd adventures. Over the great mountain known as "The Battery" she was forced to travel on a westward call, and in coming over the steep bluff the sledge ran away and she and her driver were only saved from destruction by falling into a heavy snow-drift. On another occasion, while trying to skirt round its foot on the sea ice the floe broke from the face of the cliff and the whole of them were nearly carried to sea.

To the eastward the cliffs rise high and fall almost sheer into the sea. As soon as the sea-wash freezes to their feet a narrow, frozen shelf is formed, as the rise and fall of the tide breaks off the outside ice. Along this pathway venturesome drivers take their dogs and sledges, in order to avoid the almost greater dangers of the precipitous rises and falls that must be negotiated in order to cross the mountain top. Many a traveller is staggered at the task of riding mule-back down a beaten bridle track, ascending or descending a hill in summer, when there is no snow and ice to make slipping easy, and none of the bitter cold which makes accidents so hard to endure. These are the times when good, well-fed dogs and the best of men are none too good to see a woman safely to her destination; and even then they have been caught out at night, stogged in snow-drifts. It would make things far better if the nurse could afford to

keep her own man all the year round, and have a good boat of her own in summer and sledge and team of her own in winter. These she could rely upon to help her just whenever she needed them. As it is, really good dog teams are always the hardest to get, for they are the most used, and the best men and boats are just those who are always busiest! True, it is always to these we go for help, and most gladly do they give it when they can. But we have long felt that the ideal would be to have dogs and sledge and man belonging to the Mission.

It has been suggested that in this particular difficulty the readers of THE QUIVER might unite to carry the expenses of the nurse as the representative of their message of love to those far-off fellow countrymen on these ice-bound shores.

The cost of maintenance of the nurse is £150 a year; but £50 annually would provide for the dogs and komatiks (sledges), the boat and boatman, and the driver during the year. This would be a very great help to the work, and to me personally, for it takes my energies to

carry the financial burdens that the exigencies of the work consistently bring forth.

Sister Bailey is English; the colony and the people are English. She is not trying to convert a heathen land, but to carry the very simplest message of civilisation and affection to a worthy people in a worthy and a practical way. Her work must appeal to anyone with a real heart. But, as I have said, she herself is the best narrator of her own experiences, and would gladly, both with pen and with camera, which she handles like an expert, report progress to the friends in the old Land who were interested in her work.



SOME FORTEAU CHILDREN.

*(Contribution for this work will be gladly received by the Editor.)*





# When the BOYS GROW OLD

...

by  
Brenda E.  
Spender

"Adolf was the last to cling to her neck with chubby arms."

THE Professor's house stands on the shady side of the Königin Strasse, and is distinguished by having a glass porch supported by a tall iron post at either side of the gate protecting the door and the flight of stone steps which lead down from it to the road. The Königin Strasse is a quiet and select address; few people live there below the rank of Herr Dr. or Herrn Professor, and the Frau Professor Conrad Sprengel has lived there, in the house with the glass porch, for twenty years.

Though she is of that type of woman who reckons her times and seasons by the incidents of her children's lives, yet it seems almost unreal to her when she is looking down into quiet, unchanging Königin Strasse, where the trees are the only things that grow, to remember that Hiram, her eldest boy, is a father now himself. Only the other day, it seems to her, Hiram was riding his bicycle to and from the gymnasium, eating his heart out for a canoe of his very own, and lordling it over his brothers because he alone might claim the honour and happiness of having been born in his mother's country an American; and now he is gone from her,

settled far away from Venusberg, and become the most thoroughly German of them all.

In the tale of her children, Clem—he had been named Clement after his mother—stands next, but of him she seldom thinks, for he has been the only one to fail, and his memory brings a cloud to her sunniest hours, so that from the thought of him she turns gladly to that of Adolf, her youngest, her baby: Adolf, who was the last to cling to her neck with chubby arms, to look upon her as deity and parent in one. It was when he had grown to be a big boy of seven, and had learned to put on little manly airs, to avoid her hand in the street, to leave her side and try to join the others in their play, that she had first begun to realise how empty her life would become, how she would long for the feel of little helpless fingers on her hand, for the pressure upon her bosom of drowsy, downy heads; for she is a woman with a sorrow, and since that sorrow is a ridiculous thing—the shapeless, foolish yearning of a middle-aged woman for the forgotten childhood of her sons—she keeps it to herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is in the spring, the big glass doors are



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open, Hänchen, the pigeon, is strutting to and fro upon the veranda in the early morning sunlight, but the big room is cool and dim, full of brownness and shadow. The Herr Professor is drinking his coffee—a big, broad-shouldered, bearded man, with a species of cosmopolitan smartness imposed upon his German attributes, for he has travelled half over the world—without his wife; her part, as is every woman's, being to make the home a comfortable place for husband and sons, and not to meddle with the affairs of men. His wife has a letter with an English stamp from Adolf this morning, and while she rests one elbow, bare of the loose sleeve of her breakfast-jacket, upon the table and sips her coffee, with the other hand she is touching the letter now and then half caressingly, turning it so that she can study the envelope in every aspect, and delaying to open it because delay will make the pleasure twice as long. She is a little woman, small-featured, with a big, immobile mouth, and she has big brown eyes and a great twist of fair hair, which has faded but refuses to grow grey, done very badly upon the back of her head, and, as somebody once said of her, she is "ordinary to the verge of extraordinariness." When she has read her letter through at last, she puts it down slowly, and her brown face looks almost sallow.

"Conrad!" She rouses her husband from his *Venusberger Tageblatt*, and because they are alone, Germanised as she has become, she speaks in English, and speaks it like an American. "I don't understand this of Adolf's."

"Give it me." She hands him the letter, and watches him as he readjusts his glasses and reads it through. Those glasses are perhaps the only notable alteration that a dozen years have made in him since the big photograph was taken which stares at her from the wall behind the stove. He puts the letter down and butters the last morsel of his roll.

"Our son has done well for him." His English is good, but naturally not always so good as hers. "You understand, Clementina, Adolf is to marry with the daughter of a lord, an English lord—of all nobility the highest kind."

"I guess he doesn't want us round him then."

The Professor's broad, complacent face

becomes a little pink. "The Sprengels was a good family, the von Grutez very good!" Von Grutez was the maiden name of that aristocratic grandmother through whom he has always laid claim to being something superior to the majority of his fellow countrymen.

"They were respectable folks, I reckon, but they wouldn't stand in the same location with a lord. You see what Adolf says: the marriage is to be soon, but we must not trouble to go across for it."

"I have scarcely the time for flying over to England from the very centre of my experiments should Adolf wish for us."

"But we were with Hiram. We went right to Berlin, and this is *Adolf's* wedding!"

"Well, he evidently does not wish us, and I am the busy man," says the Professor. He may be hurt, but he is not going to show it. He is hard at work conducting a controversy with a famous professor of Bonn upon the effect of sound vibration on rays of light, and busy proving his contentions with a series of unique photographs and records. He has an idea that at least half the civilised world is looking on ready to applaud the winner, and the subject is more engrossing to him than marrying and giving in marriage, even among his own children; but, of course, the Frau has nothing else to think about.

Nothing else to think about! A woman's nature and a woman's life combine to make affections everything to her, and to Clementina Sprengel they are more vital than with most women because less expressed. She has always been half afraid of her husband, feared him though she revered him when he married her—he, a tall young fellow with the manners of a Frenchman and the opinions of a true German as to a woman's proper sphere, and she a thin, brown, awkward girl of nineteen, an orphan, with a good many dollars of which everyone knew, and a great heart which no one but her dead mother had ever troubled to discover. The love of that great, warm heart has shyly spent itself all upon their children, but even there it is unexpressed. They have hardly guessed that she loved them, because it has been such a silent love and her rare caresses have been so awkward and constrained. One by one she has lost her hold upon their interests, and has owned no power to keep their love, because, stiff, square-built, middle-aged woman as she is, she is timid and shy as a



## WHEN THE BOYS GROW OLD

schoolgirl still. When they were little ones, and there was much to do for them, it was different, but in growing up Hiram has become a stranger, and now even Adolf is leaving her. She has lost them all.

When her husband has gone, pompous and handsome in his overcoat with its well-defined waist, his soft felt hat drawn down above his short-sighted eyes, his silver-mounted cane held at a waggish angle beneath his arm, she gets up and goes to the window and looks out. Hänschen is "crudelling" and preening himself on the back of a wicker chair upon the veranda. Below is the garden; it is only a small one, but the pink of double almond blossom makes it gay. There is a cemented basin in one corner, which used to be a pond when the boys were at home, and a summerhouse at the end. She marks on the house wall, standing out clearly in the strong sunlight, though it is half hidden under the wistaria which has grown so much of late, the rusty nail on which there used to hang a cage with Adolf's pair of love birds, chirping and calling in it through the summer days. She gave them to him herself on his birthday fifteen years ago. The long, drooping tresses of the wistaria are becoming delicately mauve, the warm April sun is kissing colour into them, even while she stands brooding there; and above the wall of a neighbouring garden she sees the upper half of a leafless magnolia tree, a silver-white cloud under its wealth of blossom. Farther off a larger one is touched with palest pink, and near at hand a bush in her own garden has opened coyly just a single dark purple flower. The whole world is blossom and sunshine and life, and she sees it only as a blur, because hard, unemotional woman as she is, her eyes are full of tears. She is thinking of

Adolf, knowing that she has lost him, knowing herself narrow, selfish, unkind, and yet regretting bitterly.

"It is not bad that he should marry." She looks down at Hänschen preening his green and purple neck with a sharp black beak; his captive years have never known a mate. "But that he should want to do without me! They never love a wife and remember their mother the same. He does not even want me at his wedding. His lady is so grand, his dull old mother would be out of place, but she cannot love him more."



WIFE AND SONS

"Clem took his mother's trembling hand, kissed it once and went quietly away"—p. 1135.



## THE QUIVER

Since the last boy left home she has had no indefatigable, clattering Fräulein to order her maids about and superintend everything, but even so she has too little to do, and all she has is merely a duty. It makes no one glad, least of all herself, and her foolish sorrow comes back upon her, and she longs for just one day of the old times when she was wanted everywhere. Hiram, rushing off to his boating club, would have a torn pocket which must be stitched; Adolf would be clinging to her skirt and toddling after her everywhere, and Clem idling in the sunshine, or asking her advice as though it were worth having as he bent his dark head over his interminable painting.

"All three gone!" she says to herself, and her thoughts dwell on them one by one. All strong, all fine, after something of their father's type, with individualities varied as the mixed nationalities where their lives found common origin, yet all in a sense alike. Hiram, the strong one; Adolf, the brightest and gayest, eager-eyed and mobile-lipped, who has followed in his father's footsteps and has brought honour to the name of Sprengel; and Clem, the tallest, the least German, and perhaps the best-looking, save that he was always so dreamy and slack, except when some chance speech from one of his brothers, generally from Adolf, whose subtle instincts guided him well in the choice of a teasing word, aroused him to sudden wrath. All the quarrels and fights in the family had been connected in some way with Clement. It was always he whose voice grew angry when the boys chaffed together among themselves at the far end of the dinner-table, it was always he whom the Professor ordered away as punishment before the sedulously American pudding-course came in, and at the *Gymnasium* it was always Clem in his white jersey who occupied the lowest place. His father had called him "*Schafskopf*" almost more often than by his proper name; and indeed he had been tiresome, had no ambition or energy save for painting, and had always been unsatisfactory, though never actually wicked, until the end. The end came when he was about nineteen. It is the one dark spot in the family history, a thing grievous to think about; but to-day, because she is already sad, she needs must brood upon it in dreaming over again her children's lives. She recalls the scene distinctly. It took place

in the big *salon*, and the Professor had seated himself upon the sofa, which stood with a table and a little congregation of chairs upon a small carpet spread upon the polished floor at one end of the great room. He had demanded her presence with more than ordinary formality, and when she had taken her place in the chair on the little raised platform in the window, which, as house-mother, is hers by right, he had summoned the boys. It was the dinner-hour, and in five minutes all were assembled—Clem last, paint upon his hands and dreamy-eyed. The Professor coughed, then with pomp and ceremony commenced a lengthy statement of the case. Perhaps it was not the wisest way in which to approach such a matter, but with the attributes of fatherhood he had never much concerned himself, and his natural leaning was towards the magisterial. Clipped of its flowing periods and long-delayed verbs, his oration informed his assembled family that some three days previously he had been made aware of the fact that a cheque, apparently bearing his signature, had been changed at a *conditorei* in the poorest part of the town by a youth whose description could not be very clearly obtained from the baker's sleepy wife. As a matter of fact, he, the Professor, had never drawn the cheque at all, and, good as the imitation of his signature was, it was a forgery. They might have observed that he had been looking grave and preoccupied: he had been making inquiries, he had been comparing dates and sifting evidence, and the truth had been borne in upon him that the forger was one of his own sons.

At that the little mother, perched on her high seat, had gripped her hands together, and had looked round upon her three tall boys. Hiram, just back from his military training, square-built and strong-looking, was obviously affronted and sulky, his honest face red with indignation; Adolf's expression was a miracle of shocked concern; Clem, leaning his dark head against the white-painted door, might almost as well have been asleep.

"Go on, father, let us know his name." The eldest son's deep voice was hoarse and guttural in its earnestness.

"I would that he should confess."

A long silence.

"As a matter of fact, I have but a single clue which points to one of you in particular.



## WHEN THE BOYS GROW OLD

Is there not but one of you who wears a grey *Mantel*?"

Adolf's bright face fell, the pink faded from his cheeks. His mother, a stiff, dark figure against the light window, held her breath, and her face grew old and lined in its agony, for Adolf's grey cloak was a time-honoured jest. She tried to say his name, to implore him to prove himself innocent, but the words refused to come; only Clem, watching her from the door, heard the little inarticulate sound she made.

There was another silence longer than the first; then one voice broke in, speaking alone, slowly and distinctly.

"Father, it was I who wrote your name. I did not think, I did not realise how wicked the thing was."

It was Clem's voice.

Before them all his father counted out a sum of money. Clearly he had come prepared to pass sentence upon a guilty child, and to pass it with every element of justice and contempt. He spread some bank notes out upon the table between the relics of his foreign travels with which it was crowded, crowned them with a little pile of twenty-mark pieces, and beckoned Clement to approach.

"I have here exactly the sum which I am prepared to spend in fitting your eldest brother to take an honourable place in the world, less the paltry amount which you obtained by your fraud. Take it and leave this house. Make what you will of your life—bad, I fear, will be the end of it—but though the Sprenghels may be neither famous nor clever"—in his heart he believed that they were both—"they have invariably been honest, and your mother and I refuse henceforth to regard you as our son."

Nobody spoke, neither of his brothers moved. Clem gathered up the notes and the little pile of gold, looked round, and seeing no gleam of friendliness on any astonished face, walked to the window, took his mother's trembling hand from where it lay clutching at the pleats of her brown woollen skirt, kissed it once and went quietly away. They heard him close the door, and heard no more of him until two years later, when a Jesuit priest wrote from a little village in Southern Spain to give them his last message—love to all, and most of all to his mother and to Adolf. He had died of an infectious fever, so nothing more of him—not even the crea-

tions of his artist hand—came back to the quiet house in the Königin Strasse, and his mother mourned for him calmly and decorously, and felt that he was safe at last, and was glad and a little proud of him because, untouched by any envy of his growing fame—for Adolf's genius was precocious—he had remembered his younger brother with an especial love. At first it was for Adolf's sake that she subdued her sorrow and kept it silent; afterwards in the shadow of a greater grief she almost forgot it, for Adolf mourned for his brother without ceasing, beat his head with his hands and refused consolation, till even his father looked at him and murmured, "Tender-hearted one—such grief, and all for his unhappy brother." Eventually Nature gave way under the strain, brain fever set in, and the doctors despaired of his life. His mother sat beside him night and day, and the words of the patriarch rang through her head, though she had not heard them since her old darkie nurse had taken her to meeting as a little child: "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved," and by "children" she meant this one beloved son. When at length the crisis was passed, it hardly seemed to her that any woman in the world could be so happy and so fortunate as she was, and her worn face softened with mother-love into a tenderness that made it nearly beautiful.

"Do you love me, *Mütterchen*? Are you glad I am better?" he asked her as she bent over him.

"Very glad, Adolf." It was not possible that she could say how glad.

"You would have mourned for me more than for our good old Clem?" and he touched her black dress with a fragile hand.

"I should have mourned you more, my dearest son."

"Then I need not fear to tell you, and afterwards perhaps I shall get well again, and even wish to live, but you must promise that my father shall not know."

"I promise."

Clem told the truth when he said it was he who wrote the name on the cheque, but I was the one who changed it. He had said that he could draw anyone's signature, and I contradicted him. Then I took one of my father's blank cheques and challenged him to fill it in. You know what Clem was, always half-asleep, dreaming of his painting; he did it without a demur, and when I saw



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how good it was, I couldn't resist the temptation to use it. I was in such a scrape. Our father gave us very little spending money in those days, and I had got to know one or two of the young Hussar officers, although they are so exclusive, and I was proud of knowing them, and when they asked me to play with them, I couldn't refuse, and I owed them money. I was very wretched, Mütterchen."

"Why did you not ask me for the money?"

"I knew too well that our father held the purse-strings. Are you angry with me, dearest one?"

"No, my own. I am wondering why your poor brother took the blame and let us send him away."

"He knew I was your favourite, and he wished you to be happy. You are crying"—he turned his face to the wall. "You wish I had died in his place, and I wish it also!"

"No, no!" She calmed him with a thousand protestations of love, and since then the secret had remained between them unspoken, a bond which drew them closer together than before, and made her afraid to cross him in anything, however small, lest he should think her love had diminished, and that she was regretting Clem.

Now to-day, since his letter has told her so plainly that someone else has taken the first place in his regard, and has let her see that even as a spectator of his happiness she would be out of place, her heart sinks down within her, and she asks herself whether, if Clem had lived to love and marry, he would ever have thrust her out of his life. Would he ever, she wonders, have realised that she is angular, dull and homely, or have thought her unfit to meet his grandest friends? She thinks not, and her heart turns with impotent longing towards this boy of hers, who will never be old to her, whose dark head will never whiten under Time's touches, whose dreamy, grey eyes will never lose their softness caught from the ideal. He was the prettiest of them all as a little one.

"Ah, the children!" she whispers to herself, "the babies!" She makes believe to hold a child in her arms, but the arms are empty as the pretence and fall to her sides.

She hears the bell of the street door and the Mädchen scuttling across the marble of the hall to answer it, but she scarcely notices, only she is mildly surprised when her husband enters the room. It is not like him to come home so early, so long before dinner-time;

very often he is late, immersed in his experiments, lost to all outside interests, in his great, cool room up at the big snuff-coloured University Buildings.

"You have come back, Conrad?" she says. She always has a rather toneless voice, but now its flatness is noticeable even to him. He has been toying with the gloves indisputably suitable to his well-thought-out toilette, and now he looks up from them and at his wife as she stands, a dumpy, awkward little figure in her breakfast jacket of dull pink silk, which suits her vilely, and her pleated skirt, outlined against the sunny garden below the window.

"You grieve over Adolf, I fear, Clementina. It is foolishness; children must make lives for themselves away from ours, but it is natural to women to feel it, so I am sorry that more trouble comes to you to-day!"

"What is this?" Her brown fingers close on the back of a chair, and she notices for the first time that his face has grown a little grey, and that beads of perspiration are standing on his broad forehead.

"It is the worst. My glasses have not satisfied lately as they did, and on my way to the University this morning I turned in at Max Bahnenheim's surgery, and had him to consider my eyes. I am going blind!" He says it quite simply and without affectation, for the horror of the thing has stripped him bare of all pretence and he speaks from his inmost soul. She gives a little gasp.

"No!"

"It is truth. I have the greatest respect for the knowledge of Bahnenheim. He gives me six months to one year, then you will have me on your care—and I am not old, Clementina—helpless for the remainders of my life. You have had sufficient of children—three great boys—but now you will have me, more child than any of them all."

His words chime in oddly with the thoughts and longings which have become a part of her daily life.

"I have been a good mother," she says shyly, and reddens and is silent.

"And wife," he adds, courteous even at such a moment.

"I think I was born a mother!" she laughs awkwardly, and he acknowledges the remark, which in an ordinary mood he would have laughed to scorn, with an absent inclination of his handsome head.

"In two months or smaller I can complete



## WHEN THE BOYS GROW OLD

my experiments." He strokes his beard, and his broad, white hand is trembling. "Then, before it is too late, we will travel and will see the wonderful other places together. Do you remember on our wedding tour Sutterlidge and the little inn at the lake, where they cooked the fishes so good?"

"It was in the fall," she answers, "and the maples were red like fire."

"We will go back and see it once yet. We will make a visit to Hiram, we will see our grandchild, and — perhaps — should we go to Spain? And then we will rest at Sutterlidge a time again."

"It will be the fall by then at home," she says. America is still home in spite of twenty years in Königin Strasse. "And the leaves will be dropping into the lake." He has approached her gradually, and now they stand side by side in the open window. Hänschen's bubbling coo rises like the voice of a happy fountain from the veranda before them, where he is strutting proudly in the sunshine, and he comes nearer and makes a confident peck at the Professor's substantial boot.

"My friend," says the man. He has always been ready to fondle Hänschen.

The bees are buzzing in the wistaria blossoms above them, the magnolia in the garden has opened another bud, and the white one beyond the wall looks ready to float away if only a breeze would come.

"It will be the fall," Clementina says again, and draws a deep breath of content.

"And then when it is winter?" the Professor questions, and his placid face suddenly grows tremulous and unstrung. "When it is dark?"



"Timidly she closes her brown fingers over his hand as it hangs beside him, and holds it so."

His wife looks at him, and her large mouth softens and quivers. He is left to her yet, the biggest child of them all, and he is afraid of the night that is coming. Her bosom swells, her dark cheeks ripen, just for a moment she is the girl he married some thirty years ago, and timidly she closes her brown fingers over his hand as it hangs beside him, and holds it so.







MRS. BURNETT SMITH (ANNIE S. SWAN) IN HER GARDEN.

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# Problems of the Modern Woman

A Talk with Annie S. Swan

By THE EDITOR

THERE is not another writer in her particular field who has "lasted" like Annie S. Swan. Story-tellers have arisen, and have caused sensations with their first, second, and third books, and have then "tailed off" like a comet with its train of glory. One writer whose name I could mention has done some brilliant work, but only has one plot; in each of his books we have the same hero, the same heroine, the same climax. Now this is not the case with Annie S. Swan. She has written sweetly pretty domestic idylls, tales of the modern man and the modern woman, but you cannot forecast her plot nor prophesy the lines on which it will work out. There is an attraction about Annie S. Swan's stories, a freshness of style, a sincerity of purpose that make the reader a friend, and the friend a constant follower. In a word Annie S. Swan holds her public and increases it year by year.

In private life Annie S. Swan is Mrs. Burnett Smith, wife of Dr. Burnett Smith, the Mayor of Hertford. In that quaint, old-world town they have an old house, with a garden, and in comparative quiet and seclusion there is room to think and leisure to write.

I spent a delightful afternoon "in the time of roses" with Mrs. Smith at her beautiful home. I had first of all sent her

a copy of Mr. Atkins' "Indictment of Modern Women," which appeared in the September *QUIVER*, and desired to elicit Mrs. Smith's opinion on it. Somehow the subject seemed out of place in these surroundings. Annie S. Swan is not a "modern" woman. When you come into contact with her frank, sincere, winning personality you feel that an "indictment of woman" is not so much unkind as foolish.

"I am afraid I have not met many of these 'modern' women," Mrs. Smith told me. "I have seen a great deal of all sorts and conditions of ordinary women, but really this 'modern' woman—does she count for much among the generality of people?"

"But woman is always something of a problem?" I asked provokingly.

"Yes, you will never get away from the elemental facts of womanhood. Woman is the eter-

nal question, and we always shall have some phase of it."

"But," I persisted, "Mr. Atkins says that women have lost their pride in household efficiency, and their love of home duties."

"Nonsense! I don't believe it for a moment. I know numbers of young brides, and they are all just as fond of their homes as the brides of a past generation. No, Mr. Atkins has held up some unfortunate examples and has exaggerated



ANNIE S. SWAN AT HOME.

Photographs by Pictorial Agency.



## THE QUIVER

the general effect. Of course the standard of living is higher now. What satisfied our grandmothers and our mothers does not satisfy the girl of the period—nor the man, for that matter. It would be easy enough to bring charges against the modern man. The young man of to-day is often lazy, insisting on sport and pleasure, and refusing to give that time to evening study and self-advancement

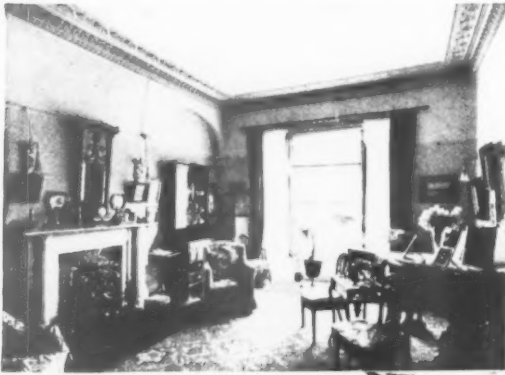
a one would be her marrying a poor man and facing hardships."

"But the modern girl wants to see the world first?"

"Yes, and 'seeing the world' has its advantages and disadvantages. There are women born to take up independent positions, but the average woman is not fitted to stand alone. So many of the modern problems would not be heard of if the women married and had homes of their own. Believe me, we women weren't meant to be solitary."

"But they say there are not enough men to go round."

"Yes, I know. There are problems I don't profess to be able to solve. They have puzzled far wiser heads than mine."



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

that made his father what he is to-day. Of course, there are exceptions; but how easy it is to generalise!"

### The Modern Young Woman

"And what of the modern young woman? Her relation to her mother, for instance?" Mrs. Smith is a mother, and knows.

"It is not an easy question, I admit. The modern young woman asks 'Why?' where her mother at that age of life would have rendered unquestioning obedience. That is the spirit of the age. The young woman of to-day is very pleasant and easy to live with while she can follow her own avocations undisturbed, but she is impatient of irksome duty and restrictions. I sometimes feel that our daughters, brought up with every comfort and convenience, and not knowing what it is to want, are in danger of missing that element of character that comes from having 'to do things.' But, of course, life will teach them a great deal. Often the best thing that could happen to such



MRS. BURNETT SVITH'S HOME.

"The superfluous women might emigrate?"

"Ah, there you touch on a matter about which I can speak. Do you realise what it means to a woman to emigrate, say, to Canada? I have paid many visits to Canada, and for a long time I have had it in my heart to deal with the very question. I could tell you some stories of real life out there—but 'Prairie Fires' gives the results of my observations."

I must break in here and explain that for some months past Annie S. Swan has been engaged upon what should prove to be the most stirring and living of all her stories. "Prairie Fires" is the title of it,



## PROBLEMS OF THE MODERN WOMAN

and I have been fortunate enough to secure it for *THE QUIVER*. The November number will contain the long opening instalment, and it was natural to find that Mrs. Smith was full of her subject.

"I believe you greatly enjoyed the writing of your new *QUIVER* story?" I asked.

"I have written 'Prairie Fires' out of a full heart. You see, the story is concerned with just some of those problems we have been talking about. Mother and daughter, for instance.

Here you have the shrewd, common-sense mother, hard, disillusioned, a 'modern woman' such as Mr. Atkins would love to portray. Then there is the daughter, the typical girl of the period—young, inexperienced, full of dreams, warm-hearted and true, but impulsive and unpractical. Hilary Craven is her name. She loves a man with all things on his side—youth, health, splendid manhood, a clean record, an

honourable name, but no money. The old story, you see, but, alas, as true as ever! Well, he proposes to go out to Canada and make his way on a farm. And he wants to take that delicately nurtured, refined English girl to face the wild life of the Canadian backwoods. The mother, with her ideas of ambition and comfort, is cold and unsympathetic, and determined not to allow the match

to come off. The young man sails, leaving the girl to face the conflict between love and comfort. Presently the scene shifts to Canada, and I try to show just what the emigrant life means to the English woman of the middle classes. Yes, there is tragedy about it. I have seen it with my own eyes; the hardships of 'roughing it,' which mean so much more to a woman than a man."

"And do you make Hilary face this life?"

"Ah, that your readers must find out in due course. One of the points I bring out in the story is the inevitable deterioration that takes place in men who leave the old country for the rough life of the new. It may be only a brushing off of the surface polish—table



BY THE RIVER'S SIDE, IN THE GARDEN.



A PEEP AT THE STREAM.



## THE QUIVER

manners, and all that—or it may be the actual reversion to the primal conditions and instincts. But a man cannot live the primitive life of the Canadian wilds without becoming different, and often a terrible shock awaits the English girl who goes out to meet and marry her old-time lover whom she has not seen for years.

"Another thing I bring out in the story: there is no room in Canada for the 'waster.' The man who hasn't the moral backbone for the life in England will fail just as badly, or rather worse, in the new country. It is hard work that tells there."

"What about the woman who succeeds in Canada?"

"I give the type of one in Mrs. Ingram, a Scotswoman, with plenty of grit, plenty of perseverance, and plenty of faith. She plays a fine part, and absolutely saves the situation once or twice."

We talked of the story over tea. The men are varied and strong. Horace, the young "waster," whom his uncle sends out to Canada "to reform," is an absolute bounder, and really meets with an amazing end. Mr. Lydgate is a typical example of the English squire—kindly and honourable, though not always wise. In addition there is a thorough American, who, from being in the background of the story, suddenly assumes a position of vital importance. On his action at one critical juncture the whole difference between success and tragedy lies, and it is the emergency which reveals what depth of character there is underneath his rough Yankee exterior.

I have spent some delightful hours reading "Prairie Fires." It is a story which grows on you. There is a vigour of movement, living delineation of character, force of purpose, combined with healthfulness of tone that are sure to go to the heart of readers of *THE QUIVER*, and they will follow with eager interest the development of the plot during the numbers of our next volume.

After tea Mrs. Smith took me for a little tour round the garden. "A garden is a gladsome thing," however small, but

Annie S. Swan has all the witchery and beauty that four acres or so of English nature can give to inspire her with her work. The views that accompany this will give a better description than I can of the two rivers which slowly meander through the grounds, of the rose-bushes, the lawns, the arbours. Mrs. Smith told me that she gets up at 6.30 every morning, and does her best work between seven o'clock and nine. After breakfast at nine o'clock she is free to attend to her household arrangements. She scorns the idea that a literary woman cannot order a household as well as the "domestic" woman. Although she loves her story-writing more than she can tell, her home always comes first with her, and as Mayoress of Hertford her duties include a fair share of entertaining.

She carefully supervises the work of her servants, and confesses with legitimate pride that in all her twenty-five years of housekeeping she has had little or no trouble with her domestic arrangements.

Mrs. Smith has known poignant sorrow, for a year ago her only son was taken away in the rich promise of youth. A sweet and lovable character he had, frank, fearless and manly, and no social or literary success will make up to the mother what she has lost in her only son. Her daughter, a beautiful and clever girl, is about to go through her college course at Oxford; she has enough of her parents' genius and perseverance to gain success, and enough of the freedom and light-heartedness of the modern girl to keep her mother's picture of girl-life real and up to date.

But it is not as Mayoress of Hertford entertaining the élite of that old-world town, or as the charming head of the household and mother of a modern girl, that I remember my hostess. I like to think of her as Annie S. Swan, at seven o'clock on a bright summer's morning, seated at her desk overlooking the old-world garden writing those charming stories of love and conflict that shall delight readers all over the world for many years to come.

There are many mayoresses, and many mothers, but only one Annie S. Swan.





# FOUR GATES

## Serial Story

By AMY LE FEUVRE

[*This instalment concludes the story*]

### CHAPTER XXVI

"COME BACK!"

"She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not, but by her."

SHAKESPEARE.

PAULINE took the small farmhouse and moved her furniture into it. When Audrey motored down and stayed a couple of nights with her she was delighted with it. The rooms were large, there was an oak staircase, and quaint window seats and corners.

"But," said Audrey, "it seems too big for you, Pauline. I don't like to think of you upon the dreary winter days wandering about here in the dusk alone."

"Do you know what I want to do?"

"Something philanthropic, I am sure."

"Not at all. I want to have Honor and her children here for a part of the winter. I have even planned out their rooms."

"That would be delightful, but are you sure you can afford it?"

"I think so. We shall live very simply. And the small girl I have to help Mary is as strong as a pony and very willing. We shall want no extra help. Honor tells me she takes entire charge of her baby; she has no nurse."

"But perhaps her sister-in-law won't let her come."

"That is the very point. Miss Selkirk has been accustomed to spend two or three months away at Torquay in the winter-time. Honor told me privately she would like to get a little cottage somewhere for that time. But I know at present she cannot afford it. You see, Audrey dear, you cannot expect me to sit down and do nothing in this house. I cannot tell you what a blank there is in my life. I have not become accustomed to my leisure. I have taken the house, as I must have a home and a place for my furniture, and I thought about Honor when I did it. I

want to have guests, and she will be my first one."

"Oh," cried Audrey impulsively, "what a dear you are! And if I were the poor governess again I should come here for all my holidays, shouldn't I? I lose a lot by Bernard's money."

"You can do a lot of good with it."

"I am getting tired of my leisure," said Audrey, with a sigh. "Like you, I don't care for it. I love a busy life, and I haven't got it. Bernard isn't well enough to lead anything but a quiet life. We are too peaceful. I can hardly believe I am marching Westward. My storms have disappeared. I think—if I may say so under my breath—I rather enjoyed them. The whole time I was at the college there were continual breezes of some sort or another. There was always something happening to call forth one's powers. I declare, if I were over sixty, with a flagging step and fading sight, I would suit Bernard just as well. I could still look after his comforts and mend his socks and read the papers to him."

"I am afraid you are discontented."

If Pauline's words were a rebuke her smile was not.

"Yes; I have a discontented nature unless I am filled to the brim with work, and then I am happy. I think I am at present like a lamp nearly empty of oil—I have the capacity for being filled and consequently giving more light. Oh, I am a conceited wretch! Don't make me talk any more about myself. Every day I pray to be kept humble. I do rise up so aggressively whenever I get a chance! I shall come down and see Honor when you get her here. What a happy little party you will be! Don't laugh at me, but isn't living alone with one man very dull?"

"Oh, Audrey, for shame! What would you do if you were married?"

"Help my husband with his work. I would never marry an idle man like Ber-



## THE QUIVER

nard, though he is a dear, and I am simply longing for him to get a nice wife."

When Pauline's invitation arrived for Honor, Miss Selkirk looked rather glum. She was vexed at the lighting of Honor's face and the eagerness with which she told her about it.

"Isn't it good of Pauline? And it will be so convenient for you. I was dreading lest we should prevent you going to Torquay. I know you always shut up your house, do you not?"

"Oh, I dare say it will work in very well," said Miss Selkirk in her short, abrupt fashion.

Honor's face fell. She did not know why the plan was distasteful to her sister-in-law. Christine enlightened her.

"Ye see, mem, the mistress likes you and the bairns so well she's in muckle fear lest your friends should tak' ye away from her."

"But, Christine, it is very good of her; I always felt we must be a burden. Fay's chatter and noise is a constant irritation to her."

"Aye, so the mistress would say; but I ken her the best, and I ken that she hasna been so blithe or so content in her life as she is at present. She loves the lot of ye, though she wadna say so for the whole world!"

Honor's face flushed with pleasure. She had not been accustomed to affection or even appreciation, and could not even now get over her girlish diffidence.

"It's very nice of you to tell me this, Christine; it makes it easier for me to stay here. I love being here myself, but this visit will be good for all of us. I shall come back if Miss Selkirk will have me."

Not a word of regret at their departure did Miss Selkirk make. She wished them good-bye with a stolid, expressionless face. Not even Fay's parting words brought a glimmer of a smile to her lips:

"Please, Aunt Marget, be kind to those two very nice snails I tolded you about yest'day. And if you could make a little sand wall round them like I begun, I should fink they wouldn't run away till I comes back. One of them is so sweet, and makes such lovely slime wherever she goes."

So Honor and her children came to bring brightness into Pauline's life, and the farmhouse rang with children's voices and laughter.

Audrey longed to be with them, and was not long before she brought her brother

down for a day to see them. He was delighted with the household, and when Audrey returned home she wrote as follows to Pauline:

"Tell Honor she has made a conquest of Bernard. What a pity she is married! He told me if I would find a facsimile of her anywhere he would marry at once. Isn't it strange? Because she is not exactly pretty. He said she was such a thoroughly feminine woman and the kind to make a man happy all his life. What a selfish outlook even the best of men can have! If she had still been living at the Rectory I am sure she would have become my sister-in-law."

Pauline read some of this out to Honor. First she laughed, then she looked up into Pauline's face rather sadly.

"And if I had not taken my way instead of God's way, perhaps that was what was in store for me. How little we know! And my baby might have had comfort and ease, instead of poverty and struggle in front of him."

Then she smiled through misty eyes.

"But then I shouldn't have had Fay—and she has brought such brightness into my life; and Alick and I will be happy together one day, I hope."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a gloomy November afternoon, a drizzling rain was falling, and Audrey in macintosh and umbrella was splashing along Regent Street engaged in shopping. She had motored up to town without her brother, but under the care of their chauffeur, and was hastening along to the hotel in Hanover Square at which they usually put up.

Just as she turned a corner she collided rather violently with another foot passenger, and looking up full of apologies, found herself face to face with Dr. Vernon.

Their greeting was a warm one.

"It isn't a fit afternoon for you to be out," he said. "May I walk with you to your hotel?"

"If it is not taking you out of your way. Do tell me about everyone—and my dear boys. Oh, how long it seems since I was with you!"

He gave her all the school news he could think of.

"And now about yourself. How is your brother? Is he in town?"

"No, I am thankful he is not, for this wet weather always tries him. He is very much better. He and I are leading a fat,



## FOUR GATES

lazy life, and I'm aching to my very finger tips for work."

"But I always thought work could be had *ad libitum* wherever one is."

"I can't get hold of any, except visiting a few poor people and making warm garments to give them at Christmas."

"Get him married, and come back to us," said the doctor in a firm, decided tone. "We want you."

"I believe," said Audrey meditatively, "he means to marry. There is someone abroad he has mentioned. He is so delighted at the return of his health that he even talks of going back to America. Men are very strange."

"I told you he was too young a man to settle down to a quiet English life," said the doctor, a hint of triumph in his tone.

"Oh! Well, there is nothing settled. He would be angry at my mentioning such a possibility. He has only been hinting at it now and then."

"Are you returning to-night? Surely you will have a most unpleasant journey. Is your car a closed one?"

"It has a hood."

A fierce onslaught of wind and rain beat in their faces. Audrey shuddered a little.

"I don't altogether like motors. I should be much more comfortable in a train; but of course I shouldn't use that."

They had come to the hotel. He accompanied her up the steps, and the porter handed Audrey a telegram.

She opened it as Dr. Vernon stood waiting to wish her good-bye.

"This is from my brother," she said. "He tells me to stop the night in town. Very thoughtful of him."

Dr. Vernon's face brightened.

"Will you come round

and dine with my sister and myself? We came up yesterday to say good-bye to some old friends returning to India. We are at the Grosvenor. My sister would be so pleased to see you."

"Thank you very much. I shall be delighted, but you must take me as I am. I really don't know how I shall manage as it is. Men never think of ladies' requirements for a night."

"My sister may be able to help you. Shall



"'It isn't a fit afternoon for you to be out,' he said. 'May I walk with you to your hotel?'"



## THE QUIVER

we hire a taxi, and go straight back to her?"

"I must see our chauffeur. Perhaps you had better not wait."

But Dr. Vernon did wait, and presently they were both driving along together.

"This rather reminds me," said Audrey impulsively, "of the way you drove me off to Victoria Station that time when you took possession of me. How terrified I was of you, and how impotently angry!"

Then Dr. Vernon leaned towards her.

"I want to take possession of you again," he said in a low, vibrating voice. "Will you come?"

Audrey gave a little start.

"What do you mean?" she asked in confusion.

"I want you to come back to Horsborough College as my wife," he said. "I want you with all my heart and soul. Will you come?"

Now long ago Audrey had girlishly imagined this possibility, and she had determinedly vowed within herself that then would be the opportunity to make him suffer as he had made her suffer in that first interview. But now her breath came short and fast, she felt that she was an utterly different girl in thoughts and feelings and purposes from that hot-headed, passionate young creature who plunged into the heart of London seeking to forget the one who had so humiliated her, and resolving never to come into his life again.

She was absolutely silent. The roar of the London streets was around them, but as far as she was concerned she was only conscious of herself and him in the universe.

"Audrey, you know what I am—a quick-tempered, faulty man; but my heart is yours and has been for a long time. I have waited, because I felt that you ought to have a chance of trying another atmosphere. I cannot give you ease and luxury; it will be a strenuous life of work for both of us; but if I can make it a happy life I will. Dear, look up, only one word—yes or no. Don't keep me in suspense."

Still silence, and then Audrey's head drooped, but not before the whispered word caught the doctor's ear, and it was "Yes."

When they joined Miss Vernon later there was nothing in their manner to tell her what had happened. She was unfeignedly glad to see Audrey again.

"Your successor is a very estimable woman," she said with the merry twinkle in

her eyes that came there so often. "She is so fitted for her sphere that I am certain she was a teacher in another life. 'Imparting knowledge,' she said to me, 'is the cream of life; and though I have not as much teaching as I could wish, I can do a great deal in a tactful way during the hours of recreation.' She is supremely tactful. I am perfectly certain there will be no breezes now between her and her chief."

"What a blessing!" murmured Audrey.

They chatted upon different subjects through dinner, but Audrey was quieter and gentler than usual, and though she showed no self-consciousness, she was aware that Dr. Vernon's eyes hardly ever left her face. She was looking her very best that evening; the outlines of her face had softened wonderfully, and a pink colour was in her cheeks.

Before long Miss Vernon's sharp eyes began to suspect, and when dinner was over and they were in a cosy corner of the big drawing-room, she came to the point.

"Did you two settle to meet each other to-day?" she asked.

"Dear Miss Vernon!" exclaimed Audrey, "I should think not. It was just a coincidence."

"A very remarkable one. Am I to be given any information?"

Dr. Vernon smiled.

"Shall I tell her, Audrey?" he asked.

The use of her Christian name deepened her blushes.

Miss Vernon drew a breath.

"No need to," she said abruptly. "I always knew this moment would come, and I'm not sure that it is a very pleasant one to me."

"Oh, please," said Audrey, putting her hand out and laying it affectionately on Miss Vernon's arm, "please say something nice to me. I feel quite frightened. I cannot hope you will approve, for I am not fit in any way to be his wife; but if he thinks I am—"

She stopped. Miss Vernon gave her a little reassuring nod.

"You're the only one I could tolerate at all," she said; "I always felt that. Do you think I should have taken you to Switzerland and let you and him be so much together if I hadn't wanted to bring this about? I wondered it didn't come off then. Well, my dear, joking apart, make him a good wife, that is my one desire."

"And have you nothing to say to me?" asked Dr. Vernon. "Am I not to try to make



## FOUR GATES

her a good husband? I am getting an old foggy, and have nothing but hard work to offer her. Don't you think my luck is wonderful?"

"You always get what you want," said Miss Vernon coolly, "and I won't tell her how long you wanted her. I knew it before you knew it yourself. Now, to be selfish, what will become of me?"

"You must still live with us," cried Audrey, and Dr. Vernon reiterated the statement.

"I shall please myself about that, but I will stipulate that you always keep a room for me, whether in a college or in a deanery or in a bishop's palace; and it is not to be the spare room. Then I can come and go as I like. How thankful I am I have had the breadth and strength of mind to resist incorporating myself with the school. I shall not be missed. I shall have time to visit my friends and gather gleanings for my life work."

She was reassured at once about her room; then, rising from her seat, she said:

"Of course I'm *de trop*. I'll leave you together, but I must speak to you alone, my dear Audrey, before you leave."

"Certainly. I must not be late," said Audrey.

She felt almost nervous when Miss Vernon had left them, but that feeling soon disappeared, and though they were not alone, and it was in a public drawing-room, the doctor and she found plenty to say to each other. Perhaps of the two the doctor was the greater talker. Audrey was content to be the listener. When she at length went to Miss Vernon, the old lady drew her into her bedroom, and, laying her hand on her shoulder, said in a mysterious voice:

"My dear, you must kindly supply me with a few notes about your family and pedigree. Are you the same family as the Humes or Homes of Scotland? And are you any relative of Hume the historian? And may I ask who your mother was? You must excuse me asking these questions; but of course I must have a page about your origin."

Audrey could not help it. She burst into a rippling peal of laughter.

"Oh, Miss Vernon, it takes a brave woman to be your brother's wife! The honour of it is too much for me!"

Miss Vernon joined her in her laugh.

"Ah, well, you know what I think of him! And he knows what I think of you! And

now go along. It's getting late. I suppose the wedding day is not fixed yet."

"That may not be for years," said Audrey seriously. "I have told your brother that I cannot leave Bernard at present."

She went back to her hotel, and hardly closed her eyes all night, for the suddenness of it almost overwhelmed her.

And then the next day she motored home and told her brother all about it.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### SUMMONED TO PART

"What matter if I stand alone?

I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave into the sea:  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me."

JOHN BERROUGHES.

HONOR had not been with Pauline very long before Amabel came over to see them with her baby. She had arrived from India with an ayah, who was the object of much awe and interest to the villagers. Amabel herself looked white and frail, but was as happy and light-hearted as ever.

Of course, as mothers, she and Honor compared notes about their babies, and Pauline listened to them with much amusement.

"I do love India so," said Amabel; "but I am afraid it does not love me. I seem to get so much fever. You see, I have some shadows, Honor; I know you think I have none."

"Oh, I don't say that," said Honor; "the separation from your husband must be a big one."

"Yes; and he feels it so much that he wants to get an exchange, but I won't have that. I am a soldier's wife, and don't want him or myself to shirk the hardships that come to us. I don't want him ever to be able to say, 'I could have got my promotion quicker if I had been an unmarried man.'"

"I quite agree," said Pauline, with kindling eyes.

"So you see," went on Amabel in her cheerful voice, "I must be separated from him for a little. When I get quite strong



## THE QUIVER

again I shall go back to him, and meanwhile baby and ayah and I are turning our house topsy-turvy, but mother and father say they enjoy it, and I am sure I do."

She chatted away, telling them of her first experiences of native servants, and making them laugh at her blunders.

When she had left them Honor said:

"It isn't only Amabel's circumstances that make her so sunny, it is her nature. She will go through life taking everything the same way."

"Yes, I think she will. Even big sorrows that may come to her will fall upon her softly. She will see the Love behind them."

"She will have no big sorrows—she travels South."

"Oh, well," said Pauline, laughing, "that is only a fancy of ours. And, remember, storms come from every quarter."

It was only the next morning that Pauline came to breakfast and found Honor, who had come down before her, reading a foreign letter, with a stunned, despairing face.

To herself Pauline thought:

"That wretched husband again!"

Then she asked if she had had good news. Honor sat down at the table and, putting her face down into her hands, began to cry.

"What is the matter, dear? Is your husband not well?"

"Oh, I can't believe it! It's the most awful news! Alick has had the most dreadful accident. I can't understand particulars. He was jammed between some logs near a rapid; he was in a canoe, and it was caught between them and crushed to pieces. That's what this man says—it isn't Alick himself. And they've had to amputate one of his legs above the knee. He'll be a cripple for life; he will never be able to ride. And this man says one of his arms is also injured."

"But his life is not in danger?"

"No, he says not; but he says he is coming home."

"Oh, Honor, are you not glad?"

"How can I be glad when I know how he will hate it? He is a restless man and loves an open-air life, and walking or riding is essential to him. Oh, Pauline, it has just come to me! I have been praying that he may be brought to England and settle down here; I have been praying

so earnestly, and now my prayer is answered in this terrible way!"

"My dear Honor, do you know that you make out God to be a hard and cruel tyrant?"

"Oh, no; don't say that. But it will be such an awful return. And if he cannot travel any more, how can I hope to make him content and happy? And how shall we be able to live? Oh, Pauline, forgive me! Here comes Fay. Give her her breakfast; I will run upstairs to baby. I feel as if food will choke me."

Honor disappeared. It did seem as if she had one trouble upon the top of another, and for the time the shock had utterly unnerved her. Yet, later in the day, she was able to break the news to Fay with brave, smiling lips.

To the child the thought of her father's return was more than his hurt. And Honor began to plan in her own mind how she could make life still bearable to him. This news made her leave Pauline sooner than she would otherwise have done, for Miss Selkirk hastened home and asked her to join her.

"Do you think Miss Selkirk will want your husband to make his home with her?" Pauline asked.

"Why, no! I should think not! Alick would rather be in a hovel, I believe, than go to her! I don't know what we shall do. Perhaps I shall hear his plans next mail, unless he has started for England already."

And the next mail did bring her a letter from her husband:

"MY DEAREST WIFE,

"You have heard of my smash up! With good luck for once, only one leg has suffered, and my left arm will be useless for a time. But as I am such a creak I am coming home to be nursed. What will Fay say to a one-legged father! You must meet me in London, and then we'll settle what we shall do. Meantime you can be hunting up any small place in the country. I've been jotting up my investments this morning, and find that I can be sure of about £400 a year, so you must get a house in proportion to our means. Shall we buy a caravan and live in it? I'm sure that would suit our requirements. No more for now. It does my heart good to think I have a wife and child ready to welcome me.





"She had arrived from India with an ayah, who was the object of much awe and interest to the villagers"—p. 1147.



## THE QUIVER

I'm afraid I've kept you on short commons, but it hasn't hurt Margaret to dispose of some of her hoarded wealth. I forget I have a boy. How is he? Expect me by the Star Line. I'll wire name of boat.

"Your affectionate husband,

"ALICK."

Honor did not read the whole of this letter to Miss Selkirk, but she did tell her of the income her husband had, and she was bitterly indignant with him in consequence.

"He has been spending all that upon himself, and keeping you and his children without a penny. How on earth can he do it?"

"He is very generous," faltered Honor; "he helps his friends a lot. Men don't think. It is an immense relief to me, for I was wondering how we should live. We shall be kept from want, and shall be able to live on that in comfort."

Miss Selkirk gave an angry snort.

"Alick will be Alick still to the end of his life. Can't I see your household! He living on the fat of the land, and having the best of everything; you and the children suffering from absence of actual necessities."

"I see myself happy, if I can make him so," said Honor; and Miss Selkirk walked away silenced, but marvelling at her.

The next morning to this came a letter from Pauline, and as Honor read she again took herself to task for her want of trust and faith in God.

"I am going to ask you," Pauline wrote, "if you would like the loan of my farmhouse for a time. It would be a kindness to me if you kept it aired, and if Mr. Selkirk likes to pay me rent for it, I will let it for fifteen shillings a week during the winter-time. The fact is I want to pay some visits. And I am thinking of doing a little parish work in a small village about twenty miles from here. I find, Honor, that I have too much idle time on my hands. I must do something, as I do not want to rust. Mr. Danby mentioned this village to me long ago. He went there to lecture, and what he told me interested me greatly. The living is only worth about £130 a year. The old clergyman and his wife are real old saints who stint themselves of their last penny if any of their parishioners need help. But

they are getting feeble; their village population is increasing, as a paper factory has been set up about a mile away, and they are not equal to the demands made upon them.

"Mr. Danby told me he would like to have helped them, but there was much that as a man he could not do. And it has struck me that I could take rooms in the village and do what little I could to help them. It all seems to fit in, doesn't it? You would be near your home and within touch of your father and little sisters, and it would be a quiet country spot for a convalescent. Write and tell me what you think. I do hope you will take it, if only for a time, and Mary would be a great comfort to you. I would not take her with me, not unless I settled down eventually there and had my furniture with me."

"It's just the place for us," said Honor to Miss Selkirk. "If I had gone all over England I could not have found any other place I should have liked so well."

She wrote and accepted Pauline's offer gratefully.

Pauline did not let the grass grow beneath her feet. She packed up what she intended to take with her. The rest she had had since her mother's death had given her back much of her former strength and vigour; and she was almost feverishly eager to be at work again. Mrs. Daventry at first tried to dissuade her from the step she was about to take.

"We can't afford to lose you. You will only be overworking yourself. I can't tell you how I long that someone should take care of you. You have always been taking care of others. Will you not come to me for a long visit?"

But Pauline shook her head.

"I have done so little all my life in the way of helping my outside neighbours that I am longing to begin now. If I want a rest may I come to you? That would be so delightful!"

Just two days before her departure she was packing up some books in her sitting-room when Mr. Danby was announced.

She turned round, feeling rather relieved to think that he was perhaps going to be on the old friendly terms with her again; but when she saw his face she was struck by its extreme gravity.

He shook hands with her in silence, then Pauline said gently:



## FOUR GATES

"I am afraid you are in trouble, are you not?"

"Yes, I am," he said abruptly; "and I have come to drag you into it, too. At least, I am presuming that you will do what I want."

"If I can help you at all I shall be glad."

He paused, then as she asked him to sit down he did so.

"You know I can't beat about the bush. There's someone—a friend of mine—who is ill; he can't get better, and he wants to see you. Will you come?"

"Who is it?"

Pauline's lips whitened as she asked the question.

"He's been murmuring your name—there aren't many Paulines in the world. I never knew he was a friend of yours, though he was always keen on hearing me talk about you; but I expect he is——"

"Is it Mr. Pembroke?"

"Ah, then my surmise is true! You know, I've seen a lot of him lately, and last week in protecting a child he was knocked down by a motor in town. They took him to the hospital and thought he was doing well, but there are internal complications. He is in a nursing home now in Harley Street. I've been with him. He seems rather a lonely chap, though he has plenty of acquaintances. I asked him last night if he would like to see you, and his look made me rush down the first thing this morning."

"I will come," said Pauline steadily. "Can we catch a train this afternoon?"

"Yes, if you are quick. I have a fly outside. I would have wired, only I did not know—I wasn't sure whether you would understand."

Pauline had disappeared. In five minutes she was back again. Her very quietness and absence of fussiness, and the tragic look in her sweet blue eyes, told Mr. Danby that he had been right in summoning her.

She asked for a few details during the journey to town, but they did not speak much. As Pauline sat back, resting her throbbing head against the hard railway carriage cushions, one sentence was burning itself into her brain:

"He can't get better."

It was late in the evening when they reached Harley Street. A nurse came into the sitting-room and greeted Pauline very kindly.

"I am so glad you could come. He is quite conscious now, though very weak. It will not be very long, the doctor thinks; but you must have a cup of tea or coffee before you go up to him."

"I would rather not."

"Then I will have one ready for you when you leave him. This way. I think, Mr. Danby, it would be best for you not to see him again to-night if this lady does."

Mr. Danby bowed assent meekly, quite willing to relinquish his place to Pauline.

"I will be here the first thing in the morning," he said.

And then Pauline, always ready to consider everyone before herself, turned to him and held out her hand with a sweet smile.

"Good-night, Mr. Danby. I will thank you later for your goodness in fetching me. Please say if you specially want to see him again to-night. I do not want to usurp your place."

"I am glad you can see him," said Mr. Danby gruffly; and then he went, for the sorrow for Pauline and Justin seemed greater than his own.

A moment afterwards she stood looking down upon the narrow bed. Suffering had already left its mark on Justin; his face looked wan and pale, his eyes seemed sunken, and there were blue lines about them and his lips.

It was no time to stand on ceremony. Pauline sank on her knees by the bedside and took his hand in hers. The nurse slipped out of the room.

"I am here—Pauline is here," she said softly but distinctly.

Justin opened his eyes, and then a slow, bright smile spread over his face.

"Pauline," he whispered, "how did you know?"

"Mr. Danby has brought me."

"I was hoping—hoping to come down to you. Would you have listened to me?"

He spoke with difficulty.

Pauline choked down a little sob.

"Justin dear, there is so little time—I should like you to know—I have always loved you. My mother never gave me your letter. I did not know you had called. That is many years ago, and I thought you had forgotten me. Don't look sorrowful, dear. In any case I could not have left my mother."

"Take off your hat. Put your head down





"'I am here—Pauline is here,' she said softly but distinctly"—p. 1151.

on the pillow beside me. I am a dying man. They say I can't last long."

Quietly Pauline did as he wished. If her lips were quivering and her heart nearly breaking, she did not let her feelings get the better of her.

Justin took her face between his two hands, then kissed her slowly upon her lips.

"My heart has always held you," he said simply.

They were silent for a moment. With death hovering so near, there seemed no need for any explanations or protestations of love.

Again he spoke.

"I am so glad you always cared. I wish I had known. The years seem wasted."

"No," said Pauline, with a serene light in her eyes; "doing and bearing God's will is never waste of time."

He smiled.

"We shall have eternity together in any case; we have been kept apart for some wise purpose. Will you read to me? Your voice is such music."

It was too dark to read, but from memory Pauline began to repeat:

"'Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.'"

Verse after verse of that beautiful chapter did she say, and her lover lay there smiling, waiting for the messenger who still delayed.

Presently the nurse returned, and Pauline was told she must go. For a moment her spirit rebelled, and the nurse, after a searching look at the patient, called her out of the room.

"If he is dying," said Pauline to her, "why should not I stay to the end?"

"He seems to have rallied so wonderfully," the nurse said thoughtfully. "If we can give him nourishment and get him to sleep he may linger longer than we thought this morning."

"And you think he has a better chance if I am away from him?"

"There will be less temptation for him to make an effort to speak."

Pauline went back to the bed.

"Justin," she said in her low, clear voice, "I am leaving you now. Rest and sleep, and I will see you, I hope, in the morning."

She bent and kissed him on the forehead.



## FOUR GATES

He seemed already to be slipping into unconsciousness.

And then, in a sitting-room below, Pauline spent the night pacing up and down, her lips moving in prayer. The anguish of that night brought silver threads amongst her golden hair. She seemed, like David of old, to say, "Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me?" And she had the realisation that death itself was stayed, whilst the ear of God was bent in love to listen to one of His children.

She had acquiesced the day before in patient submission to what she believed was God's will. Now she was earnestly pleading and wrestling for the life that seemed to be slipping away, and yet through it all she cried: "Not against Thy will, O God, but let it be Thy will."

When morning dawned the nurse came to her.

"I hardly dare give you hope, but the doctor has been and is astonished. We thought last night it was the last rally, but the improvement is maintained."

And so it was continued all day. Pauline took a room at the nearest hotel. Before a week was over the doctors were able to state that recovery was more than possible, it was probable; and Pauline lived day by day hugging the new-born hope to her heart, and thanking God for His mercy. When she eventually returned home her life seemed to be a strange confusion.

Justin's recovery would be slow, and the doctors had told him that there would be no more travelling or exploring for him. He would have to lead a very quiet life, though not necessarily that of an invalid. If they married soon Pauline would be more a nurse than a wife, and Justin was not a rich man.

The outlook would not have been rosy to any but Pauline.

Yet she confided to Mrs. Daventry that her cup was full to overflowing.

"Do you think," she said, "my path has taken a twist to the South?"

"I think," said Mrs. Daventry slowly, "that your Northern journey will be shared by one who, with yourself, has enough sunshine within to compensate for the lack of it without."

"You mean we shall have to contend with small means? But I have never had much of this world's wealth. And I am afraid I am like any romantic girl—with Justin by my side I fear nothing."

"What about your farmhouse? Will you not want it for yourself?"

"Not at present. Justin and I want to go together to my village and help the old clergyman and his wife. We mean to start in rooms first, and if we can find a small cottage later on we may take it. Justin will be able to help in many ways, and it will give him interest outside himself. Don't shake your head, dear Mrs. Daventry. I know what is in front of me and I am glorying in it all."

What could Mrs. Daventry say?

She only kissed Pauline affectionately, and rejoiced in her happiness. She knew that no clouds would ever bow her head, no troubles, however great, would crush her spirit; and this gleam of sunlight upon her path was surely the reward of much patient waiting.

But when others heard her news they were much more ecstatic than Mrs. Daventry. Audrey and Honor were too delighted for words.

"Oh!" said Audrey, hugging her, "what a wife you will make! Fortunate man! Is he worthy of you? Oh, Pauline, Pauline, to think that you should be like the rest of us! And isn't it extraordinary that we four shall all marry? A year or two ago we thought we should live and die old maids."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Daventry was seated once again upon her lawn with her four young friends around her. It was the last opportunity they had of gathering together, as upon the following day Amabel was returning to her husband in India. Honor and her husband were comfortably settled in Pauline's farmhouse. She had left Fay to entertain her father for this afternoon. Audrey had motored down from her brother's for the occasion. And Pauline was Mrs. Daventry's guest. She had insisted upon having her, and was going to keep her till she married. Justin was fast recovering in the nursing home, and directly he was convalescent he was coming to stay with Mrs. Daventry also.

The girls had been talking over old times. A little shadow seemed to lie on Honor's face. Perhaps her experience gave her tone a tinge of melancholy as she said:

"Well, it is strange that none of us should remain single women, but I don't think marriage changes one's aspect. It isn't as it is in story books, and it does not



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follow that Pauline's path will turn from the North because she is going to marry. I used to believe that a marriage was the beginning of living happily ever after, but it seems to me that it is just the beginning of responsibilities and difficulties, and of experiencing the depths in life instead of the rippling surface."

Audrey looked sober, but not a shadow came into Pauline's beautiful eyes.

"Life is good at all times," she said simply, "and deep water is better than the shallow for swimmers, Honor. We don't want to stagnate."

"Do you remember when you first talked to us about our gates?" said Audrey, turning to Mrs. Daventry. "We said something about meeting in a year's time and comparing notes. We never did. How we have scattered in these few years! It has been a general break-up. And I used to think that nothing would ever change!"

"We always think that when we are young," said Mrs. Daventry, with rather a wistful smile.

"Let us compare notes at once," cried Amabel enthusiastically. "May I begin?"

Assent was upon everyone's lips, but a shadow of gravity stole over the sunshiny face of the girl as she said:

"I suppose I am still treading South. I know I have a happy Southern aspect, and life as yet has brought me no heavy troubles. But I pray God every day to make me what He wants me to be, and that is where I fail. A gardener expects so much more from a plant that is grown in a sunny, sheltered position. And though one faces South it isn't always free from breezes—is it, Mrs. Daventry? May I tell you all a lovely little thing that I discovered in my Bible quite lately? It is in Joshua, where Caleb's daughter comes to her father and says, when he asks her what she wants, 'Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water.' That is my prayer every day now. I don't want to get parched by easy circumstances."

Amabel was sitting next to Mrs. Daventry, and the old lady put her withered hand gently over her young one.

"Your South gate will not spoil you," she said softly, and tears were in her eyes as she spoke.

"Now, Honor," said Audrey, "what is your experience?"

Honor was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"I have learnt this: 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.' It is never too strong for me."

She bore the impress upon her face that her words were true. The old fretful, discontented lines had disappeared. Great quietness and peace had settled upon her; the storm and stress of life which still buffeted and cut her was shaping her into patient, steadfast womanhood.

"Ah!" said Audrey with a quick-caught sigh, "I am far behind you all. I don't believe these years have taught me anything except to discover how little I know; but"—here her grey eyes kindled and flashed with sudden feeling—"I came across a verse the other day which fits me: 'The Lord turned a mighty strong west wind which took away the locusts.' And I want a pretty strong wind to take away all my locusts. So I daren't complain. Storms are good for me—and I have got far more sunshine than I deserve."

"And now, Pauline?"

Mrs. Daventry looked tenderly at the beautiful girl, with her quiet, glad face and shining eyes.

"What can I say?" said Pauline, with a smile. "Audrey has just given us a quaint text. May I give another? It is in Zechariah, and is speaking about the chariots and horses driving northwards. 'Behold, these that go toward the north country have quieted my spirit in the north country.' And I feel that I am not journeying alone, and so my spirit is quieted."

"The horses and chariots of the Lord," murmured Mrs. Daventry. "After all, girls, what does it matter about your aspect, North or South, East or West, so long as your goal is the right one? The beginning and the middle of our journey is not worth consideration in comparison to the end. Shall I repeat the promise that always brings a little thrill to my heart?"

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

## THE END



# The Future of Modern Woman

A Reply to "Modern Woman: An Indictment"\*

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

Author of "The Home Training of Children," etc.

BEFORE opening his attack on the modern woman, Mr. Atkins says he realises the danger of falling into the error of making hasty and sweeping generalisations; but he straightway falls into that error. His greatest mistake is attributing to the modern woman the follies, extravagances, and shortcomings of a very small section of the community—some selfish, luxury-loving, unmotherly beings to be found in what is called smart society.

I refuse to admit for a moment that my sex is deteriorating; on the contrary, there is evidence on all hands—in the home, in the Church, in the office, in the shop, in the hospital, in the consulting-room, in the school, in the mission field, that woman is now better educated, better trained, broader-minded, more business-like, more earnest and capable in her chosen life work, whatever its nature, than she was twenty years ago.

## A Marvellous Record

Think of the marvellous progress she has made in recent years. Until 1848 there was no college for women anywhere in the British Isles. As late as 1863, ninety girls, as a doubtful experiment, were first admitted to an informal Cambridge Local examination to see what they could do with the papers, with the result that six only out of forty seniors passed, the remainder failing in elementary arithmetic.

Not until 1876 could a woman obtain any kind of recognition from a seat of learning. In that year the Scotch university of St. Andrews granted the diploma of L.L.A. to women.

There are still living some of the brave pioneers who struggled to secure for girls as sound and thorough teaching as their brothers had long enjoyed. The ubiquitous girls' high school is quite a modern affair. Yet with such brief oppor-

tunities, look around and see what women are doing to-day. I do not mean those who are in their element in the ball-room, on the race-course, at the bridge party, motoring over the country on Sundays, gambling in the saloons of ocean liners, or parading in costumes that attract impertinent remarks; but the majority of the women in this country.

The butterflies and degenerates of human nature, both male and female, are still to be found; but they no more truly represent the men and women of 1912 than do the criminals of our prisons and the idiots of our asylums.

## The Indictment

But let us consider some of the points of the indictment. Mr. Atkins attributes decay of home life and decrease in the birth-rate to women, and even says "advanced" women are not ashamed to speak with scorn of the woman who spends her strength and concentrates her gifts on the ordering of a home and the care of a family. Frankly, I have never met one such scornful woman. If she exists, she must be a psychological monstrosity; or is she confined in a lunatic asylum?

A womanly woman's natural sphere of interest is the home. For one gad-about who neglects it, I think you will find thousands of brave, lovable women who work with brain and hands to make their homes sweet and happy, often while battling against suffering and poverty. And how many women actually support the whole family, including the husband, it would be interesting—and I believe amazing—to discover.

I have met numbers of women whose lives are one long ache because the home is childless; women to whom the sight of a happy mother fondling her little one brings sharp pain, perhaps the memory of a tiny white face and folded baby hands.

As I write there comes to me through the open window the scound of kisses a

\* In the September QUIVER.



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mother is showering on her six-months' old baby boy, and the crooning of her mother love over her baby in the garden is the protest in my ears against the accusation of its decay.

### Is Woman to Blame?

One point Mr. Atkins misses entirely. Why is the woman alone blamed for the decrease in the birth-rate? It is indeed dangerous to bring such an accusation, unsupported by scientific evidence and sure knowledge of the causes of sterility. Are there no men who deliberately insist on the limitations of the family? It seems to me inconsistent that man should even lift a stone at woman while he still permits the White Slave Traffic and other abominations.

The young man reluctant to marry is commiserated. Does he fear an empty dinner table, an over-fed puppy, and exciting week-end excursions? He need not, if he has the wit and the courage to seek among the throngs of eligible girls one who will make a good wife and mother. She is, however, too modest to obtrude herself, and unlikely to be found at subscription dances, public whist drives, race-courses, and places of noisy amusement.

### Women's Religion

It is not women who desert places of worship, but men. This point is easily settled. Count the heads at half a dozen services of different religious denominations. Last Sunday I counted in about two-thirds of the building in front of me, without craning the neck:—Morning service: Men and boys, 28; women and girls, 53. Evening service: Men and boys, 17; women and girls, 59. Both counts excluded the choir.

As to men being more deeply and genuinely religious than women, to compare the sexes in this way is odious. Did Christ make such distinctions? I shall probably not be alone in saying I have known many a sweet and saintly woman, the beauty and strength of whose religion enabled her to overcome temptation, to endure sorrow with fortitude, and to pass to the Beyond full of faith and trust.

Every middle-class and lower-class girl

will soon be taught housewifery as a regular part of her education. Schools of domestic economy are increasing, and soon the woman ignorant of housewifery will be difficult to find. There is another side to the "public-house" question. I was recently asked concerning poverty-stricken homes in a certain London suburb, "What encouragement has the wife to keep the home and children respectable, when night after night the husband reels home drunk?" In many homes the money which might buy ingredients for nourishing soups and coffee is spent on beer and spirits, which, by the by, are more intoxicating than the Frenchman's light wines.

It seems to me fathers, as well as mothers, are to blame for the bad upbringing of the bold daughters and the weedy, dissipated-looking youths. Far too often fathers shift the whole responsibility of moral training on to the mothers, with disastrous consequences.

### Mr. Atkins' "Monsters"

Mr. Atkins appears to have come into contact with ill-natured, degraded specimens of women, and multiplied them in imagination till the modern woman looms before him a monster of cruelty, and he is obsessed with the idea.

The fact is, one finds both kindness and unkindness in infinitely varying degrees in both sexes. The differentiation of character dependent on sex is exceedingly slight, and as civilisation advances will doubtless vanish entirely. Already old statistics of head measurements are useless to-day, though short-sighted, self-satisfied men still point to them with contempt. But the attitude of the wise and thoughtful man towards woman during the present crisis of her growth is far other than one of belittlement, derision, and fault-finding. He knows that woman is only too prone to set a low value on herself and her powers, and that she needs all the sympathy and help he can give her. The experience of the ages has encouraged in her sex diplomacy rather than straightforward attack and defence. It is even possible Nature has endowed her with the power of "jumping to conclusions" by intuition rather than with capacity for



## THE FUTURE OF MODERN WOMAN

logical reasoning, because the former method of arriving at truth is less exhausting than a laboured train of thought. But inevitably woman will acquire more self-respect, more power to stand up for herself, and the ability to reason logically in addition to her intuition, while man will gain more of the spirituality and innate refinement characteristic of woman, that is of the "standard" woman.

### The Escape from the Doll's House

Apparently few men seem to grasp the fact that, having given her education, they cannot stop the progress of woman towards freedom, enlightenment, and the attainment of a higher degree of commercial, social, and political morality. Woman has escaped from the doll's house, from the prison of ignorance and the fetters of blind subservience, and she is struggling on, stumbling in the shadows that still linger, but ever with her face towards the sunrise, and her heart—her great mother heart—beating high with hope.

I think Maeterlinck has very beautifully described in "The Blue Bird" the craving for more light which every true mother feels. He does it in that lovely scene where Light comes with the children into the presence of Maternal Love, but still veils from her and from the Joys "the last truths and the last happinesses."

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic another prophetic writer has been voicing the

same longing for the betterment of the race:

"We are drawing near  
Unattolled boundaries of a larger sphere.  
With awe, I wait, till Science leads us on  
Into the full effulgence of its dawn."

There is to me something truly sad in the sex antagonism which is accompanying what is known as the renaissance of woman, and I cannot help thinking the Press is a good deal to blame for it. Look, for instance, at the "Woman's Page" of a daily paper. It almost confines its attention to dress fashions, love-making, and cookery. How would men like the rest of the paper to be headed "Man's Pages" and deal only with fashions in suits, the money market, and sports? And if woman is patient under her belittlement in the Press, what of her weary toil for sweated wages, her heroic efforts to bring up a family deserted by the father, the wonderful way in which she is proving her competency in numbers of occupations newly open to her? Woman knows she is something more than a being with a sex; she has an undying spirit, a glorious intellect, as well as a body, and the sooner man comes to recognise that fact the more rapid will be the future progress of the race.

But my space is exhausted, and there is only room to put forth a plea that the modern man will clasp the hand of the modern woman in comradeship as the two struggle forward to the light.



## HOW KING AHAB'S PALACE WAS DISCOVERED

*DURING the last few years the excavator has done much valuable work in Palestine in unearthing remains which have thrown new light on the ancient history of this sacred land, and, incidentally, done not a little in confirming the Biblical narrative. Perhaps the most remarkable of these discoveries has been that of the ruins of King Ahab's palace at Samaria. A full account of the excavations, together with some remarkable photographs of the finds, will appear in an article entitled "How King Ahab's Palace was Discovered," in the November QUIVER. No student of the Bible should miss this.*





By  
**LILLIAS CAMPBELL  
DAVIDSON**

THE great Albert Hall was packed from roof to floor. Seas of faces looked down on the orchestra and the platform, and every box was filled—even the Royal one. The first ballad concert of the season was announced. The programme was an attractive one. In one of the upper boxes sat a little party—three men and a lady, who was young and pretty still, though she had been married some ten years. The three men were all pleased to sit there with her, and listen to the music, after the dinner she and her husband had given at her flat. It was a charming flat, all carved foreign wood and Indian curios. She had a pretty taste of her own, Mrs. Jack Curzon.

Now they had all taken their seats, and unfolded their programmes just as the orchestra was tuning up. They were in excellent time. Selina always said Jack fussed so. But Jack was justified by the

event, and they were all in that state of expectation of enjoyment which to some people, at least, is part of the evening's pleasure.

"I'm so glad Scalchi is going to sing," murmured Selina, her fair head with its little diamond pins held a little back to look over the sheet of printed pink paper her husband held to her. "I love her; don't you?"

Hawley, the man who had come in last, and who was struggling with his overcoat at the back of the box, after a short interchange of remarks with the attendant in the corridor, hastened to correct her:

"I say, I'm sorry; Scalchi isn't going to sing. It's a nuisance! They've scratched her. Got laryngitis, or something rotten like that. A bore, isn't it? Half the people here to-night came to hear her, and will be disappointed."

"Oh, how sickening!" Selina looked disgusted. "And I asked you two men on purpose, because you said you'd never heard her! What a bore! Who's going to take her place?"

Curzon turned the programme over and back, but there was no answer to her question. He said: "Nobody down. Here's Scalchi's name. I expect it was too late to do anything. Altering programmes takes a time, you see."

Hawley broke in in haste: "He told me



## THE BALLAD SINGER

—the man outside, just now. Some understudy, or something; nobody I knew when he told me the name. I've forgotten it. Shows how much impression! Oh, I know! He said she sings at hotels and pier concerts mostly, but she's got a fine voice, and they hope she can take Scalchi's songs. It had all to be arranged at the eleventh hour."

"Well"—Selina leant back in her chair—"I hope she won't be too dreadful, that's all! I know these unknown talents!" But at that moment the orchestra began to play, and there was silence.

Scalchi's first song, a Polish ballad, was the third item on the programme. There was a little stir of expectancy amongst the audience. Then from the back a tall, slender figure in black rose up and stepped forward. She looked so girlish and young, after Scalchi's well-known proportions, that for a moment people were petrified. Then a kindly if not effusive clapping of hands was supposed to set the substitute at her ease. People sat back in their seats, and the girl began singing. At the first notes the

third man in the box—Humphrey Clayton—gave a faint start, leant forward and reached for his opera-glasses. What was there in that voice that stirred him with a sudden thrill, that woke within him pain, regret, suffering?

He was standing in a rectory garden, listening, listening. Someone, inside that open window where the roses and the clematis grew, was singing at a piano. He was waiting till the song was ended, to step across the low window-sill and go inside and learn his fate. And then, as he drew nearer, he caught sight, through the swaying creepers, of two persons where he had expected only one to be. Two persons: one a man; the other the girl who sang, her face uplifted, and the man's arm was round her slender waist. He remembered now, here in that box at the Albert Hall, amongst the lights and the crowds and the music, how his heart had failed him, how he had turned and gone away, his eyes blinded with anguish.

She had been his promised wife. He had gone away to work for her, make money



"At the first notes the third man leant forward and reached for his opera-glasses."



## THE QUIVER

for her. And that was what he had come back to. That other man had stolen in between, while he was away, had won her away from him. They had married soon after. He, away in Canada, had heard the news, and set his teeth as he heard it. Then he had plucked her out of his life—the girl who had thrown him over. He had thought it was all forgotten, all buried, till the sound of those notes woke once more the old pain in him. Through the glasses his short-sighted vision became plain. Yes, it was she, she and no other! How changed—with all the fresh youth gone from her face, with such lines of an unfamiliar experience set on it! His heart ached faintly. He had thought it had forgotten how, in all those years—twelve, at least, there must be of them. He laid the glasses down and listened. It was Selma's stifled exclamation that made people in the next box give a little "Hush-sh-sh!" She crimsoned under it. But when the song was over she clutched Clayton with a hurried hand.

"Humphrey! Did you see? Do you know? It's Miriam Reeves that was—you know, the rector's daughter down at Eastrop! We always used to think you were sweet on her; but she married that man—what was his name—Eastman? I always thought he was a bounder! But what in the world has brought her to this? Her people were rich, and I thought her husband was too."

Hawley was ready with his explanation.

"She's a widow; that's what the box man told me. Sings under the name of Miriam Reeves, yes, that's it! Looks a nice little woman, eh? Pity she hasn't more volume!" For Scalchi's songs, though accurately and feelingly taken, lacked the practised roar of the great contralto.

Clayton sat silent. He was waiting, waiting for the next song of hers, waiting with an impatience that burnt him. When presently she came on again, she seemed to have gained confidence. She began her song with a lilt that aroused the approval of the audience. Half-way through the second verse she raised her look to the upper part of the house. Clayton, absorbed in his interest, was leaning forward from the box. Her glance involuntarily was caught by the black coat strongly outlined against the light background—was caught and arrested. With a shock, she stepped

back a quick pace, faltered. Her voice trembled, broke. For an instant people thought she was going to ruin the trill. Then she took it up again, sweet and clear and true. But Clayton had seen the turn of her head, caught the frightened look through his glasses. He laid them down on the box ledge, and quietly leant back into the shadow where she could not see him. She ended her song bravely, and, in compassion for the nasco just averted, the audience genially applauded her. But she had no encore.

"It's a nice voice," said Selma under her breath, "but it isn't powerful enough. She always did sing well; don't you remember? But it's a mistake her trying such difficult things. She ought to content herself with the simpler ones. I don't believe she gets enough to eat. Why, she looks half starved, Jack, doesn't she? Look at her collar-bones! And that frock—it's a perfect rag by the side of those others!"

Clayton heard and saw, and his heart burned within him.

The concert was at an end. Before the last notes of "God save the King" had sounded, Clayton was on his feet. He murmured something hasty about another engagement, thanked the Carzons for their pleasant evening, broke away from Selma's injured, "Oh, do wait a minute! I want to arrange about coming down to Fawley for Saturday!" He threw back a hasty answer that he would write telephone; got into his coat; shot away down the stone stairs before the corridors filled. Selma looked after him with a pout. "What a difference there is between you, Jack! You're twice as nice as Humphrey! I believe he's been bored to death all this evening because Scalchi didn't sing. Fancy his old sweetheart turning up like that, too! Well, she must be pretty sorry she threw over a nice man like Humphrey for such a bounder as the man she married! Did I dream it, or did somebody really tell me he used to beat her? I'm so glad you never started beating me, Jack! There'd have been murder done most likely."

Down the long corridors and down the long stairs sped Clayton. He reached a distant door outside the great building, and stood waiting. Presently some of the artistes trooped out, talking and wrapping mufflers





"And then he caught sight of two persons—one a man, the other the girl who sang. And the man's arm was round her slender waist"—p. 1155.



## THE QUIVER

round their throats. Among them was a woman's figure in black, with a too thin, shabby cloak round the shoulders, and a fleecy wrap, that had been washed, over the head and muffling the mouth. But, in spite of the muffling, Clayton recognised her. He started forward.

"Miriam—Mrs.—oh, Mrs. Eastman! I saw you just now. How are you? I came down to speak to you. You haven't forgotten me, have you?"

Forgotten him! It is only a man who could ask such a question. Men forget—women have another kind of memory. Forgotten? She looked into his face, and she tried to keep her own steady; tried not to let the hand he gently took into his own tremble and disgrace her. She must be quiet—oh, very quiet and calm! Suppose he had noticed that break in her voice just now—guessed that the sight of him had caused it!

"I didn't know you had come back to England. Do you still like Canada?" Banality! Yet what could one say—at such a meeting, after such a parting? The vision of it was still fresh in her heart—his upbraidings, her half-frightened protests. Yes, she had treated him shamefully—shamefully! It had been her punishment that in the first moment of her falseness to him she had begun to repent, begun to suffer, begun to know that she had been a fool in her folly.

"I left Canada nearly a year ago. I'm not going back any more. I've come to lay my bones in the Old Country."

"Your bones!" There was a note of quick alarm. She scrutinised him oddly. "You—you're not ill, that you speak like that?" she breathed.

He laughed at her misconstruction.

"No, no! Hard as nails! Tough as hickory, as they say over there. It's only a *façon de parler*. I mean that, out there in the Colonies, the Old Country draws one. Most of us try to make our pile, so as to come back here and enjoy it. Nothing like England, after all, to one born here." He was talking fast, just for the sake of talking. He wanted to keep her in his sight as long as might be—to note, with a pang at his heart, the thin line of her cheek, the threads of grey here and there, the lines that should not be found in any woman of her age. After all, it was only twelve years! She couldn't be over two-and-thirty.

She moved slightly on towards the outer air, jostled by the people who pressed behind her. Clayton held out his arm.

"Let me take you to your taxi?" he begged, almost humbly.

She shook her head with a smile.

"Thank you so much! I'm going home by the tube from South Kensington. I live out at Hammersmith. I think I go this way?" But he had held up his hand to a taxi just opposite. The man turned and came towards them.

"Let me, please! It's my way, too." Oh, mendacious Clayton! He helped her in, in spite of a faint protest, and got in after her.

"I—it was unexpected, seeing you to-night. I didn't know you had taken to singing." How was he to begin, so as not to sound too officious? "Of course, I remember you used to sing at the rectory."

She turned her face to him, and her eyes were quiet.

"Yes, I had a good training, fortunately. I am able to support myself now. I hadn't any other weapon."

Clayton's heart burnt within him.

"I—they tell me you are a widow."

"Yes." Surely widows as a general rule speak with more sorrow of their loss. Her face was set and steady.

They went on through the traffic for a little way in silence. The lights of the street flared into her face, showing it to him in its pale distinctness. Then again she was in the shadow.

"And you—you?" she said, and it seemed to him that she spoke with difficulty. "You—are very happy, I suppose? I hope Selina is well? But I need hardly ask that. I saw her with you in the box to-night. She looks as young and as pretty still as she did in the old days, when she used to come down and play tennis at the rectory." Again she broke off. The stab of recollection was too sharp, the ache of regret too painful. "I—have you any little ones?" she asked softly. He started, and turned a surprised face on her. She saw it by the blaze of electric light from the coffee-tavern they were sweeping by. His voice sounded full of astonishment.

"What—I? No, no! I am not married!" He felt her movement of recoil.

"You are not? But I thought—surely, you married Selina? They told me so—I



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always thought so! You were together to-night in the box—surely?” He laughed shortly and shrugged his shoulders.

“Selina married my cousin Jack. I dare say that’s how people got mixed about it. I was dining with them this evening, and Selina wanted me to come with them to this concert. No! Married? Hardly! Could you think that of me, Miriam?”

“I—I didn’t know! I hoped——” Her voice trembled, faltered; if there had come the swift lights of another coffee-tavern just there, he might have seen how distressed she looked, but her look was hidden from him. “I couldn’t suppose——” She did not finish, but he took up her sentence for her.

“You couldn’t suppose I was such a fool as to stay a bachelor, just because one woman wouldn’t marry me? That’s what you mean, eh? Well, I was just that kind of fool. I’m that kind still, Miriam. It’s a poor sort, to my mind, to take a substitute because you can’t have the real thing; to hang paste round your neck, because you can’t get diamonds. No, I haven’t married. I don’t expect to, to the end of the chapter.”

“I’m sorry,” murmured the soft voice beside him. Even now it seemed to him the sweetest voice the world held. He felt himself thrill under it.

“Sorry I haven’t more wisdom, eh? Or that I’m lonely? Well, well, one gets used to loneliness when one’s had a dozen years of it. One can get used to anything, you know.” He was talking lightly and ironically. But under it all she could feel the latent bitterness. That was her doing, was it? She had embittered life for him—set him lonely and apart? Oh, fool, fool! It was she who merited the name; she who had been blind in her folly.

“I didn’t ask if you’ve any kiddies?” he said kindly, in another moment.

“Oh, I haven’t! My baby died—my little wee girl. I, too, am all alone now!” In the darkness and the *solitude à deux* Clayton’s heart melted suddenly. He stretched his hand over and sought for hers, and wrung it silently, heartily. Under his grasp her own fingers fluttered, trembled, faintly gave back the pressure.

“Poor little girl! Poor little Miriam!” His voice was gentle and pitying and tender. She could almost wish he would have kept on with the irony—it made things easier. “I’m sorry I said anything! I understand.”

But, oh, who could understand but herself—who could know? Who remembered but she how the father’s ill-treatment and neglect had snapped the feeble thread of life, and robbed her of her baby?

The taxi ran on, ran on far too swiftly. They were traversing mean streets now, passing ugly buildings, threading their way through the roar and bustle of the Broadway. In another moment or two they would stop at the door of the miserable lodging she called home. She would bid him good-night—he would pass away out of her life, and be gone from her. She summoned courage to say what she felt ought to be said before they parted.

“I—I would like to tell you”—it was harder than she had thought—“how sorry I am for the way I behaved to you long ago. I know now how cruel it was, how dishonourable, how unjustifiable! I was wrong, wickedly wrong. I want to ask you to forgive me. I learnt afterwards that I had sinned against you. I’d like your forgiveness, if you can give it me.” The broken, difficult words were out. Much moved, he turned upon her.

“Ah, my dear! Don’t talk of forgiveness between you and me! Don’t you know that I couldn’t but forgive you? Love doesn’t grudge, doesn’t bear malice—it forgives everything. It wipes it out and forgets. If you’d loved me in those old days you couldn’t have done it. Is this the house? Do we stop here? May I come and see you another day? One hasn’t too many friends in life—old friends. Mayn’t I hold on to this one?”

She tried to answer, tried to speak calmly, composedly, as he did, but the task was beyond her. Suddenly she choked, sobbed. Before she knew what had happened, she was in his arms, and his hand was wiping the tears that filled her eyes and flowed over.

“My dear, my dear—my little Miriam! Can I be making you cry? Brute that I am! Little girl, I can’t stand this. I know you never really cared, but won’t you let me try to make you? Won’t you let the end of my life have a little joy? Won’t you take me, even yet, Miriam?” And she, looking up into his face with her own close to it, murmured:

“Oh, Humphrey! I cared all along! I found it out when it was too late. I don’t deserve to be happy, Humphrey!”





# The Home Department



## A WEEK'S MEALS IN OCTOBER

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

### Sunday

*Dinner.*—Roast leg of pork, apple sauce, savoury pudding, potato snow. Rusk pudding, arrowroot sauce.

*Supper.*—Savoury pasty. Favourite cream.

### Monday

*Dinner.*—Haricot purée. Jam tart.

*Supper.*—Cold pork, baked potatoes. Boiled bread pudding.

### Tuesday

*Dinner.*—Curried pork, rice. Re-warmed bread pudding.

*Supper.*—Beefsteak pudding, vegetable marrow. Cheese and biscuits.

### Wednesday

*Dinner.*—Hashed beef with vegetables. Plain boiled rice and raisins.

*Supper.*—Stewed oxtail. Railway pudding.

### Thursday

*Dinner.*—Oxtail soup. Cold railway pudding.

*Supper.*—Beef sausages and Spanish onions. Junket.

### Friday

*Dinner.*—Fried hake cutlets, mashed potatoes. Boiled "spotted dog."

*Supper.*—Fish patties. Sweet omelette.

### Saturday

*Dinner.*—Stewed mutton and rice. Fried slices of suet pudding.

*Supper.*—Savoury liver. Baked apples.

### Roast Leg of Pork

WHEN choosing pork the greatest care and discretion must be exercised. What is known as "dairy-fed" pork is the most delicate and delicious, and is now

much more easily obtainable than it was in former years.

When selecting a leg of pork, choose one that is not too large, and see that the flesh is firm, solid, and of a very pale pinkish colour, and the fat white and free from discoloration and kernels. The latter denote that the animal has been killed when in a state of disease, and is quite unfit for human consumption.

The skin is an excellent guide to the age of the pig. A thin skin denotes youth and consequent delicate eating, but a thick skin clearly proves that the animal had reached years of maturity before it was killed. Before the joint is cooked, score the rind with a sharp knife, and rub it over with salad oil. The meat must be very thoroughly cooked, for underdone pork is not only unappetising but also really unwholesome.

Put the joint into a coolish oven at first, and baste it frequently to prevent the crackling from becoming hard and dry. Allow twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes "for the oven."

### Savoury Pudding

In many country places this pudding is served as an accompaniment to roast pork.

Fill a pint basin with as many pieces of bread (it is an excellent way of using stale bits) as it will hold, and pour over as much boiling milk as the bread will absorb—generally  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints. If all milk is considered too expensive, use equal parts of milk and water. When the bread is soft beat it with a fork, taking out any hard lumps. Have ready four large onions, boiled and chopped,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of chopped suet, a teaspoonful of powdered sage, and a tablespoonful of oatmeal. Mix these with the soaked bread, and beat thoroughly, adding pepper and salt. Finally stir in a well-beaten egg. The pudding



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should resemble a thick batter, and if it seems too stodgy add a little milk or water until the right consistency is reached. Grease a large baking tin, and pour in the pudding, which should not be more than one inch deep in the tin. Bake for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, basting it with a little of the pork dripping several times. The pudding can be cut into squares and placed round the joint or served on a separate dish.

### Rusk Pudding

Spread  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of rusks lightly with jam and press them together in pairs. Butter a mould, and arrange the rusks neatly in it.

Make a custard as follows: Put 1 tablespoonful of cornflour into a basin and moisten it with 3 tablespoonfuls of milk. Boil  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint of milk, and pour this over the cornflour; then boil again for three minutes. When the mixture has cooled, add a well-beaten egg, sugar to taste, and a few drops of lemon essence. Pour the custard over the rusks, let them soak for one hour, then cover the mould with greased paper, and steam for two hours. Pour arrowroot sauce over the pudding after it has been turned out of the mould.

### Savoury Pastry

The pastry for this dish and for the jam tart can be made at the same time.

Line a small baking plate with pastry and spread over it about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of cold minced meat. Any kind of cooked meat will do; or, if you have several scraps which can be minced and mixed together, so much the better. Flavour the meat with a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, a little minced onion, pepper, and salt. Moisten with a beaten egg. A sprinkle of curry powder added makes another variety. Cover with a pastry crust, wetting the edges so that they adhere well together. If there are any little pieces of pastry over, make them into ornamental leaves. Brush with egg, and bake for about half an hour.

### Favourite Cream

Ingredients— $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk, 1 oz. of sugar, one egg, and a few drops of any approved essence. Soak the gelatine in a little of the milk, and pour the remainder, boiling, over it. Add the yolk of the egg and sugar, and stir well. Return the mixture to the saucepan. Just before boiling point is

reached, take the saucepan off the fire, stir in the white of the egg whisked to a very stiff froth. Add the flavouring, and pour into a wet mould. When the mould is turned out the top part should be transparent and the lower half opaque.

### Haricot Purée

Soak a breakfastcupful of haricot beans over-night. Next day, put them into a stewpan with a large sliced onion and 3 pints of water. Boil slowly for three hours. Press the beans through a sieve with the back of a wooden spoon. Flavour the purée with pepper and salt, add a little chopped parsley and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of boiling milk. Let it get thoroughly hot again, then serve accompanied by fried bread cut into sippets.

### Boiled Bread Pudding

Required— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of stale bread, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 oz. of suet,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of currants, one egg, 3 tablespoonfuls of milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, and flavouring of lemon rind or nutmeg.

Soak the pieces of bread in cold water. When they are quite soft pour into a colander and beat out any lumps with a fork. Add the chopped suet, fruit, sugar, flavouring, and baking powder. Mix thoroughly, then add the beaten egg and milk. Put into a greased basin, cover with a buttered paper, and steam for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. To warm up this pudding put what is left from the first meal into a basin, tie down, and steam again for one hour.

### Beefsteak Pudding

Cut 2 lb. of beefsteak into neat pieces, roll each in flour that has been seasoned with pepper and salt. Put the meat into a basin with a thinly sliced onion and a tea-cupful of cold water. Make a suet crust with  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of chopped suet,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, sparingly moistened with very cold water. Roll this out to just fit into the top of the basin, cover with greased paper, tie down with a floured pudding cloth, and steam for four hours.

You will notice that in this pudding recipe the basin is not lined with the suet crust, as is usually the case. There is a reason for this divergence from the accepted method—which is, that as suet crust does not satisfactorily warm up for another meal, only sufficient for the first serving is made.



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Next day the beef that is left in the basin can be turned into a stewpan, vegetables and, if necessary, a little water or stock added, and a very good savoury stew is the result.

### Stewed Oxtail

One large or two small oxtails will be required. Wash the tails, divide them at the joints, and throw the pieces into boiling water. Cook for ten minutes, then drain and trim them.

Put into a stewpan a carrot cut into slices, an onion stuck with six cloves, parsley, half a blade of mace, peppercorns, and salt. Add the pieces of oxtail and 2 quarts of water. When the liquor boils, draw the stewpan to the side of the fire, remove the scum, and simmer for two hours. At the end of this time turn the contents of the stewpan into a large basin, and stand this in cold water so that the fat will quickly rise to the surface.

Rinse out the stewpan and melt a little clarified dripping in it. Cut two carrots and two turnips into dice, and divide eight small onions into halves. Fry the vegetables in the clarified dripping, strain the stock over them, having first taken off the fat. Boil until the vegetables are tender. Lay the pieces of oxtail in the gravy, and when they are thoroughly hot lift them out on to a dish, garnish with the vegetables, and pour over as much gravy as the dish will hold. Reserve the remainder for tomorrow's soup.

### Fish Patties

Reserve one of the hake steaks, and whilst it is hot remove the bone and skin. Also keep back  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of mashed potatoes. Hard boil one egg and chop a teaspoonful of parsley. Divide the fish into flakes with two forks, chop the egg, and mix all the ingredients together, adding pepper and salt. Make  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of white sauce, stirring a little anchovy essence into it when cooked. Put the mashed potatoes into a basin, add sufficient flour and dripping to them to make a paste. Roll this out, and line some saucers with it. Fill with the fish mixture, and cover with the paste. Bake in a warm oven for half an hour, then slip the patties off the saucers on to a dish, garnish with parsley, and serve.

*Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages. Letters, which must have a stamped envelope enclosed, should be addressed "Home Department," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

### Savoury Liver

Sheep's liver can be used for this dish, but calves' liver gives a better result.

Required—1 lb. of liver,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of thin bacon rashers, 2 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, a seasoning of chopped parsley, pepper, and salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of stock, and 1 tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup. Dip the liver into water, and dry it; then cut into slices about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Grease a baking tin and lay the slices in, sprinkle with the breadcrumbs, parsley, pepper, and salt. Place a rasher of bacon over each slice of liver, and pour the stock into the tin. Bake for three-quarters of an hour. Lift the slices on to a dish; add the ketchup to the gravy, strain over the liver, and serve.

A correspondent has recently asked for two nursery cake recipes. I think the following will meet her requirements:

### Bread Cake

Ingredients— $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of German yeast, 2 oz. of clarified dripping, a teaspoonful of sugar, one egg, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk. Put the flour and some salt into a warm basin, making a well in the centre. Put the yeast into a small basin with the sugar, and mix together. Warm the milk, melt the dripping in it, and pour on to the yeast. Strain this into the salted flour, and add the well-beaten egg. Cover the basin, place it in a warm place, and leave for one hour. At the end of this time knead the bread on a floured board, form into two or three round cakes, place them on a greased and floured baking tin, and set the tin on the plate rack for a quarter of an hour. Bake in a warm oven for about twenty minutes. Fruit can be added at discretion.

### Gingerbread Cake without Eggs

Ingredients— $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of lard or clarified dripping,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of treacle,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of soda, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk.

Put the flour, ginger, and lard into a basin, and when the fat has been well rubbed in, add the sugar. Warm the treacle and mix the milk with it, dissolve the soda in the mixture, then stir into the flour. Pour into a greased shallow tin, and bake in a steady oven for an hour and a half.



# Crochet Bows for Neck Wear

By ELLEN T. MASTERS

SMALL crochet bows, or rather ornaments in the shape of bows, are very much used for a finish at the collars of shirts and blouses. They are highly to be recommended because the methods in which they can be made are practically unlimited, and because, with very little trouble, they may be washed, when soiled, even in the hand-basin. For this latter reason, there is no excuse for a dirty neck-bow, which gives a shabby look to the smartest of blouses. A lather is easily made with hot water and Lux, and when it has cooled down somewhat the crochet can be soaked in it, and it will come clean almost by magic.

The task of making such ornaments is by no means difficult, and it would offer no trouble to quite inexperienced workers. To anybody who is acquainted with the manner of executing Irish crochet, it is extremely easy, and the bows make really fascinating little pieces of work to take up at odd moments.

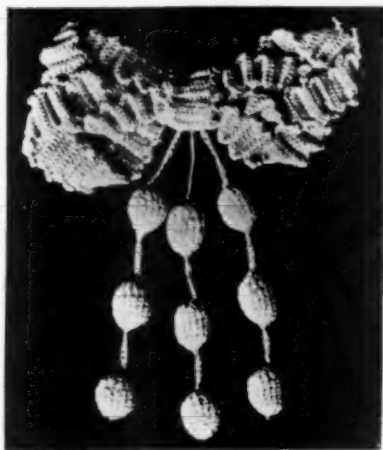
One of the simplest patterns to begin with is that in No. 1, for it consists solely of one sort of stitch, and that double crochet done in the usual fashion of Irish crochet over a padding. The materials required are not at all expensive. The padding may consist of No. 10 knitting cotton (Strutt's make), and No. 100 (or thereabouts) crochet cotton, or the special thread employed for Irish crochet, Manlove's being the best and most suitable. A very fine hook is needed, preferably one with a cork handle, this being both light and pleasant to use for its purpose.

Take the padding cotton in the left hand, and hold it along, not across, the forefinger. Work double crochet over the knitting cotton for the space of a full half-inch.

The end of the working thread can be laid against the padding and the crochet taken over it, which will save the trouble of running it in when the rest is done. The stitches must be set closely together, so that they cover the padding, but not so compactly that they interfere with one another. The stitches in Irish crochet are scarcely ever counted, but most of the patterns are produced by measurement—a plan that

commends itself to some workers, though to others such a haphazard style of proceeding is equally distasteful.

\*. Now turn the work over and bend the padding back so that it rests on the top of the d.c. just worked. Make 5 ch. (to form one of the edge loops), then d.c. on the top of those already worked, taking up the back part only of the stitches. Draw the padding rather tightly every now and then, so that it is not visible at the bend,



NO. 1.—A SIMPLE PATTERN.

but let the picot of chain set out well as a little loop at the edge. (See No. 2, where is shown a detail worked with coarse thread for the sake of clearness.) The padding cotton is naturally apt to be visible in our coarsely made section, which with finer thread would not be the case. Repeat from \* until sufficient of the ribbed work is done to form one of the loops of the bow; that is, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length. Others are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long. Two short loops and two long ones are required. Fold them in half, turning each and interlacing them as shown by the strips of paper in No. 3, A, B and C representing the various stages of the folding of the loops. Pleat the ends up closely, then sew them together as in making any other kind of bow. Work a short piece of the



## THE QUIVER

strapping just long enough to serve as a "tie" in the centre of the bow. Bend this round across the middle, and sew the two ends neatly together.

The model bow, which, like the other bows here illustrated, was purchased in Namur, was completed with three drops, each composed of three balls with a length of chain and double crochet between them. Begin the lowest of the balls with 2 ch., work d.c. into the first of these chain till a circle about the size of an ordinary glove button is made. Possibly two rounds will be quite enough if the thread is fine. Crochet in the end of the working thread as above described, and continue round and round till a little cup is produced rather more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch deep. Work a round or two without any increasing, make a tight oval pellet of cotton wool and stuff it into the cup; then decrease by missing a stitch here and there till only one or two double crochet stitches are left. Draw these together to close the ball, work a chain about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in length, make single or double crochet down this stem till the ball is reached, fasten the last stitch firmly into it, and cut off the thread. Begin the next ball in the last chain, working double crochet round and round as before.

Now comes the third ball, which should have a length of chain of about an inch, the last one being caught into the back of the tie of the bow, unless the worker prefers to sew it into place. The single or double crochet should be worked down the chain as already described, and fastened off firmly and neatly.

As many balls as liked may be made, and a

novel trimming for a washable blouse would be a couple of these bows set at a distance side by side and connected with festoons of chains of varying lengths and balls at intervals.

An effective but exceedingly simple bow is that illustrated in No. 4. Anybody can

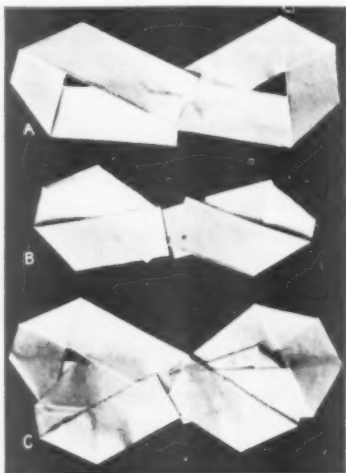
make it either with or without a knowledge of Irish crochet, and it is possible to arrange it very prettily by using perhaps three shades of one, or several distinct colours. The details of which it is composed are shown separately in No. 5. For the largest pair of wings (see A in No. 5) make a ring of 10 ch. with very fine thread. *1st row:* 2 ch. (to serve for 1 d.c.), 17 d.c. into the ring; finish the round with 1 slip-stitch into the first double. *2nd row:* 1 d.c. on the top of the second d.c. of the preceding row (always put the hook through both loops of a stitch), \* 3 ch., 1 d.c. on the next d.c. 7 times, turn. *3rd row:* 5 ch., 1 d.c.

into the first loop of chain, then \* 3 ch., 1 d.c. into the next loop; repeat from \* 5 times, turn. *4th row:* 4 ch., 1 d.c. into the next loop, \* 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the next

loop; repeat from \* 5 times, 1 ch., turn. *5th row:* Take two strands of Strutt's knitting cotton, No. 10, or one strand of No. 6, lay it on the top of the first six loops, work 3 d.c. into each loop and 2 d.c. into the last loop, carrying all the stitches over the cotton, turn. *6th row:* 1 ch., fold back the two strands of cotton so that they rest on the top of the last row of double, and work 20 d.c. over them, taking up both loops of the preceding stitches, cut off the padding, and turn. *7th row:* 4 ch., 1 d.c. on the second d.c. of



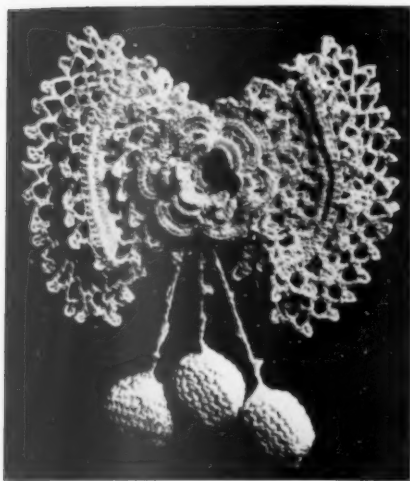
NO. 2—DETAIL OF PADDING.



NO. 3. HOW TO FOLD THE LOOPS.



## CROCHET BOWS FOR NECK WEAR



NO. 4 - AN EFFECTIVE BUT SIMPLE BOW.

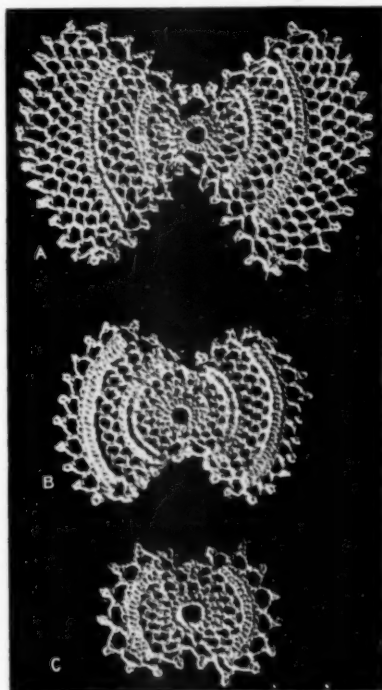
the last row, \* 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c.; repeat from \* 8 times, turn. *8th row*: 5 ch., 1 d.c. into the first loop, \* 3 ch., 1 d.c. into the next loop; repeat from \* 8 times, turn. *9th row*: 4 ch., 1 d.c. into the first loop, then \* 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the next loop; repeat from \* 8 times, turn. *10th row*: Take the padding cotton again, work 3 d.c. over it into each loop of chain, turn. *11th row*: 1 ch., fold back the padding, and work 30 d.c. on the preceding d.c. and cut off the knitting cotton. *12th row*: 4 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c., \* 3 ch., miss 1, 1 d.c.; repeat from \* 13 times, turn. *13th row*: 5 ch., 1 d.c. into the first loop, \* 3 ch., 1 d.c. into the next loop; repeat from \* 13 times. Fasten off after having worked the 13th row once more.

Begin in the free stitches of the centre circle, and work as above described from the beginning of the 2nd row. There should be one free stitch left before and after this section. The next thing to do is to border the pair of wings, as they may be called, with picots.

Begin in the free stitch above mentioned between the two sections. Work 1 d.c., 7 ch., 1 slip-stitch into the 3rd of these 7 ch., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the second loop at the side of the work, 1 picot made according to the directions above printed in italics with 1 d.c. into the hole just beyond the thick part of the pattern, 1 picot, 1 d.c. into the hole just before the next thick part, 1 picot,

1 d.c. into the hole after the next thick band, 1 picot, 1 d.c. into the corner of the wing, turn the work round (not over), \* 1 picot, 1 d.c. into the next loop at the end; repeat from \* all along. Work down the side in the same way as before, then round the second wing of the bow. Fasten off as soon as the first d.c. is reached. There are three sets of wings in the model bow; the sizes vary, the third (c) being smaller than the other two. The second finishes after the second line of double; that is, after the 11th row (see B in No. 5). The picots can easily be worked in the same general way as for the first detail, though naturally there are fewer of them. In a similar fashion, as can be understood from c in No. 5, the third pair of wings finishes with a row of picot loops after the 6th row, and, except for its size, it exactly repeats the first detail.

When all the wings are finished, the three are laid one above another, the centre holes setting precisely over each other. They are then neatly sewn together, but it will



NO. 5. DETAILS OF BOW IN NO. 4.



## THE QUIVER

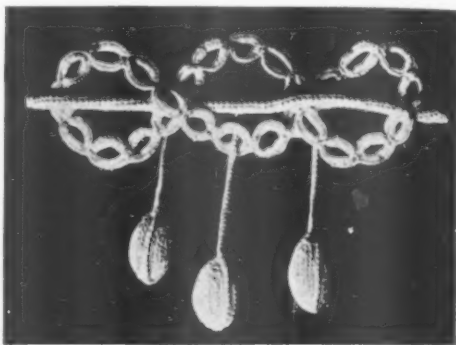
be seen that the bow is not yet complete, as it requires an ornament for the centre.

To make this, proceed as follows: Make a ring of 5 ch., and cover it with d.c. *2nd round*: 6 ch., 1 d.c. into the ring, \* 3 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c.; repeat from \* 3 times, 3 ch., 1 slip-stitch into the third of the 6 ch. *3rd round*: 1 d.c., 1 tr., 3 double tr., 1 tr., 1 d.c. into every loop of 3 ch. *4th round*: 1 d.c. into the first d.c. of the last round, \* 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 d.c.; repeat from \* all round. *5th round*: 1 d.c., 1 tr., 5 d.tr., 1 tr., 1 d.c. into every loop of chain. *6th round*: Like the 4th, but with 5 ch. instead of 4. *7th round*: Like the 5th, but with 7 d.tr. instead of 5. *8th round*: 1 d.c. into every stitch of the 7th round.

The drops are made in just the same way as those for the bow in No. 1, but they are kept round instead of being slightly lengthened. After the circle is closed the stem is made in the usual manner, but here we have picots at intervals instead of the ordinary chain and slip-stitch. Work thus: 8 ch., 1 d.c. into the 3rd ch., 8 ch., 1 d.c. into the 3rd ch., 8 ch., 1 d.c. into the 3rd, 3 ch. Fasten into the back of the rose, having made 4 picots. Here there are three long stems and one shorter one; that is, with only 3 picots. All are to be sewn to the back of the rose, and then the flower is stitched to the centre of the group of wings already made, which must be allowed to set exactly as they please, and not attached to the rest of the work in any way except that which we have already described. Clever workers will see that they can, if they like, arrange the wings of the bow with Solomon's knot stitch instead of with loops of chain and crochet in the way we have described. This will make it more delicate

still, but naturally the finer the thread the more suitable are the loops made with double crochet and chain.

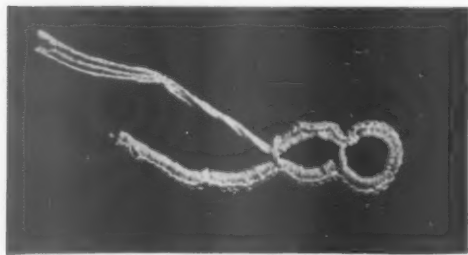
The next ornament (it can scarcely be called a bow) is fashioned in quite a different style. A length of padding cotton is required, and it must be long enough to make twenty-



NO. 6—SMALL RINGS.

six of the small rings shown in No. 6—say about 16 inches. Cover the first half of this cotton with double crochet, and when the middle is reached turn it to form a ring, as in No. 7, drawing the padding cotton slightly to improve the shape, and catching the last-made stitch over the previously made double with a slip-stitch. Make more d.c. over the cotton to complete a second ring, and secure that in the same way. They will be rounder in the actual work than the rings are in the detail, where the mounting has rather interfered with their shape. Continue thus till enough of the circles have been made to form three large loops, noticing that they set alternately over and under. Fasten off neatly.

The stem has to be made next on a foundation of padding cotton covered with double crochet lengthwise, the stitches being set very closely together. This stem must be made long enough to set over the first edge of the first circle under the point at which they meet, under the next point of meeting, over the next and under the last edge of the last of the three loops. The rings should be caught into place with a few stitches made where they will not be visible. The stem should be about the thickness of a pocket-book



NO. 7.—RING FOR ORNAMENT.



## THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

pencil; that is, rather smaller than an ordinary lead pencil.

Now for the three pendants or drops. Each of these is made up of three sections. Begin with 7 ch., miss 1, 6 d.c. (one into each chain), 3 d.c. into the last chain, 6 d.c. into opposite edge of the foundation chain, 3 d.c. into the end stitch. Work two more rounds in this way, increasing by making 3 d.c. into the second of the double at each end of the section. Make three of these small sections and unite them with a row of double crochet taken through both edges of two sections first. Crochet in the third detail in this way, and before it is entirely closed push in some cotton wool to make the oval almond-like in shape, and fairly firm and plump.

After having finished the last double crochet which closes the whole thing, work a chain  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and return upon it with slip-stitches. Fasten the last neatly into the top of the drop, run in the thread firmly, and cut it off. In the model there were three bobbles, and the stem of the centre one was slightly larger than those of the two at the sides. One was sewn to

the stem in the middle, the other two to the points at which the rings crossed between the first and third large loops (not the rings) respectively.

In all these ornaments the double crochet must be made into both the loops at the top of the previously made stitch, and it is advisable to finish them off, for convenience' sake, with a small safety pin sewn on at the back, by which they can be attached to the dress.

From the little we have been able to say here our readers will easily judge what a wonderful variety may be had in such trimmings as these, and in the bobbles with which they are completed. Some of these are modelled very cleverly to imitate acorns, others are like fuchsias, rosebuds, and yet others resemble partially opened flowers whence hang long lines of chain finished with little knobs at the ends to look like stamens. When these are made with fine coloured silk they have a particularly good effect, and the bows or ornaments can be used in a multitude of different ways, and in many a position upon a costume, giving this a smart appearance at little expense.

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## The Women's Work Bureau

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

### GARDEN DESIGNING

An Occupation for Gentlewomen

THE garden-designer may, like the poet, be said to be born and not made, for though in the acquisition of the necessary knowledge a vast amount of technical detail must be obtained, yet, unless to this information she add inborn taste and artistic feeling, she will not become a successful garden-designer. But to those who have this taste, this is an occupation offering many attractions, though, as in most original work, the woman who designs gardens will have to create her own market, and discover

scope for her energies. Now and again there arises the woman of genius in gardening; but the average woman who wishes to follow this path in life will have to walk in the footsteps of some of the pioneers, and choose her own mode of training. The garden-designer I interviewed is practically a pioneer in this work, of which she has made a great success, despite the warnings and advice of friends, who, at the outset of her career, were full of prognostications of failure.



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She first took a two years' course at Swanley Horticultural College, afterwards studying the architectural side of the work. She gained practical insight into the planning of gardens, the making of estimates and other technical details, at an office in Gower Street of a lady who then was Superintendent of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association and is now head of Swanley Horticultural College. That nothing should be lacking in her training from the architectural point of view, my informant worked also in an architect's office, and attended classes in building construction, artistic design, and surveying.

She then was asked by a well-known hybridist and culturist to help him, both in the laying out of gardens and in hybridisation work, thus considerably extending her knowledge of practical garden design.

### A First Commission

Her first commission was given her by a lady. The result was so successful that she obtained various other orders, and has now laid out and designed gardens of various sorts and sizes in different parts of England. At the same time, she laments the number of people who imagine that for some small sum they will obtain a garden equal in beauty and style to the house in which "expense has been no object."

It is quite a feather in my informant's cap that, while the Architectural Association rigidly refuses to admit women to membership, she has lectured on behalf of that body to its men students on "Garden Design." Another office she held is that of "Garden-designer" to the Chalfont Colony.

Amongst her pupils was a Dutch lady, who intended to become the first lady garden-designer in Holland, a country one would imagine giving scope for such a calling. It may be said that it is as well for the would-be garden-designer to acquire a sound knowledge of the habits of trees, shrubs and plants in general. It is not easy to study the subject of forestry in England, though Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Wales have recently opened Schools of Forestry (instruction in this subject is given in the Government Schools of France and Belgium), and it may also be studied profitably in Germany. At Oxford there is a theoretical course taking two years, and costing £30, and a practical course of one year, costing

£70. Very possibly some consulting forester would take a pupil, and the value of such knowledge cannot be overestimated to the garden-designer, as not only will it enable her to select trees for various soils and exposures, but also to form an estimate as to the general effect of the tree when grown, and of its suitability for a sheltered or an exposed position.

Then, again, she will study road-making, pond-making, draining, levelling, embanking and rockwork, and be able to calculate the cost of any of these.

To this technical knowledge she will add a sound acquaintance with the principles of architecture, so that whatever style or period the house may be, the garden will be in unison.

### Finding Customers

Having acquired her knowledge, then, the garden-designer must be prepared to find her own customers, and to build up a business for and by herself. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*" is extremely true of the first beginnings of any business. If the garden-designer is capable at her work, her first order will, as in my informant's case, probably bring her many others; but it is the question of getting that first order, of persuading someone to let *their* garden be the test. Certain municipal authorities employ women as landscape gardeners, but such posts are, naturally, not numerous. Again, it might be possible to induce an architect to give the designing of the garden to someone whose knowledge and skill will make an effective and beautiful setting for the house. But probably the best method of all will be found to be advertisement. Begin by offering to advise as to the laying out of a garden, or as to the improvement of one already in existence. The garden-designer might act only as consultant, in which case she would charge a fee and out-of-pocket expenses, or she might undertake the whole thing, or she might give her estimates and then contract with one of the large firms to do the work under her superintendence.

Probably, feeling her way step by step, she will see what line will pay her best, and in what way her business is likely to develop. But to the artistic woman who really loves and understands gardens, no more interesting career could be chosen than the laying out of "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."





### In Thankful Mood

THE last number of another volume of *THE QUIVER* finds us in thankful—or shall I say joyful?—mood. There are tokens on every side of appreciation, and throughout the year there has been a very gratifying increase in our circulation. As I said before, I believe this has been caused by individual readers just talking about the magazine to their friends. And again I render most hearty thanks to everyone who has assisted in this way. Many kind friends have written of what they call "the sustained improvement of the magazine during the last few years." Let me tell you that it is almost easy to improve even on one's best when one has such delightful encouragement as has been accorded to me from time to time by my readers. During one of the worst months the country has had for many years—when trade everywhere was being hit by the coal strike, and most of our contemporary magazines were suffering—*THE QUIVER* not only stood firm, but increased its circulation by about a couple of thousand copies. Please excuse me if this seems like boasting, but it would not be right if I did not inform my helpers of the success of their labours, and duly thank them for the same.

### A Splendid Achievement

BUT this is not all. In spite of strikes, taxes, and increased demands, I am particularly proud of the generosity of our readers. Not only have the three "Companionship" children been provided for, and the ordinary funds well maintained, but during the holiday months more than £200 has been subscribed for Mrs. Mackirdy's Shelter Work, and the money is still coming in. No wonder we are in joyful mood!

### Now as to the Future

IT has been difficult, once or twice, to keep myself from giving away secrets when writing this page. But October has

at length arrived, and I may tell you of the special things planned for our new volume.

### An Article from Mrs. Barclay

FIRST of all, everyone who has read "The Rosary" or "The Mistress of Shensstone" will be delighted to hear that Mrs. Florence L. Barclay has written a special article for *THE QUIVER*, and this will be a leading feature of the November number. Accompanying this message I have been able to arrange for an account of the home and church life of the author of "The Rosary," by one who is intimately acquainted with her and her work. This will be illustrated with some special photographs of her home at Hertford Heath, etc.

Of course, I ought first to have mentioned Annie S. Swan's new serial story. But there are full particulars about this on another page, to which I must call your attention.

### Harold Begbie

ONE of the most popular of our writers to-day is Mr. Harold Begbie, who, since "Broken Earthenware" leapt into fame, has had the sympathetic ear of Christian people all over the world. Some months ago I discussed with Mr. Begbie a work on a subject quite different from those with which his name has been so universally associated recently. I wanted to get the candid opinion of such a man as Mr. Begbie on the question of where religion stands at the present time—how fares it with the Church, whence are we tending and whither are we drifting? In the battleground of the modern soul what place will religion take, and what can the earnest Christian man do to help the Church at this time of crisis? After careful consideration Mr. Begbie finally consented to attack the problem, and the result is a series of articles embodying some of his very finest work. It is entitled "Religion



## THE QUIVER

and the Crisis," and the first article, "Is the Church Adequate?" takes a prominent place in my next issue. The series will be continued in successive numbers until February or March. This is a contribution to the religious thought of the day which should not be missed.

### "Peace hath Her Victories"

"PEACE hath her victories, no less renowned than war," says Milton. But we hear a great deal more of the martial bravery of the soldier than the quiet heroism of the man of peace. Yet every week or so the newspapers record deeds of valour "worthy of the Victoria Cross," such as saving the lives of comrades in a burning factory, or rescuing strangers from a watery grave—performed by ordinary men and women "all in the day's work." These heroic deeds are entitled to more lasting fame than an easily forgotten newspaper paragraph. Mr. Walter Wood has ferreted out the heroes of half a dozen of the most stirring and noble deeds of heroism performed in the last few years, and has induced them to tell the story of just how the affair occurred, and the part played by the narrators. These true stories of modern life are as thrilling as any romance. The first—describing a particularly dangerous exploit of lifeboat service—appears in the November number. "Peace hath Her Victories" is the title of the series, which will run for several months.

### Discovery of King Ahab's Palace

ONE of the most interesting pictorial features of the new number is the series of photographs showing the excavations at Samaria. These accompany the article, "How King Ahab's Palace was Discovered." Slowly the stories hidden under the debris of the centuries is being revealed, confirming in a remarkable manner the old, old stories of the Scriptures. Few finds have been of more interest than those brought to light during this year and last by the excavation of the hill of Samaria. Do not miss this article.

### The Religion of a Middle-aged Man

MOST of my readers have been drawn into sympathetic contact with Mr. A. C. Benson, the author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc. I have induced Mr. Benson to make what is practically the unveiling of a soul's inner life in a charming piece of autobiography entitled

"The Religion of a Middle-aged Man." You may not entirely accept Mr. Benson's position, but you cannot but admire the frankness and sincerity of this confession. This is another feature of the November number.

### Some Story Writers

MR. J. J. BELL is one of the most popular of the present-day writers of short stories. His "Wee Macgregor" captured the hearts of a world of readers, and brought him into the forefront of fiction-writers. But his *forte* has always been the short story, and a charming example is "Out of Due Season," the first short story of my November issue. Others are "The Sound of a Voice," by Mary Bradford Whiting; "The Baby and the Bear," by C. G. D. Roberts (whose "Children of the Wild" stories have been so popular in the present volume); "In the Old Mirror," by Helen Wallace, etc.

### Mrs. Grundy—and the Home

"THE Ubiquitous Mrs. Grundy" is a protest against the tyranny of convention, written by Daisy F. McL. Sloan; whilst in the "Home Department" Mrs. St. Clair deals with "The Etiquette of the Dining-table," and "Winifred" starts a little series on "Some of the Secrets of Success."

### Ten Thousand New Readers

NOW I think I have said enough to warrant my claiming that my programme for the new volume will be an exceptionally strong one. I am giving you of my best, and in return I want you to help me. To enable the publishers to sustain the new high standard set by the November number I require ten thousand more subscribers. If each reader gets one other to take a copy we shall have a result ten times better than this; but I suppose I must be modest. Our publishers have prepared a neat little prospectus (small enough to slip into a letter) describing the features of the new volume. I will gladly send half a dozen (or more) of these prospectuses to readers who will kindly send me their names and addresses on a postcard. To those who help me in this way I may be able to make some little acknowledgment. But meanwhile—once more many thanks for what you have done in the past. I believe that with a united effort we can do still greater things in the future.

*The Editor*





## BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

### The Smile of Cheerfulness

**S**MILE awhile,  
And while you smile  
Another smiles,  
And soon there's miles  
And miles of smiles,  
And life's worth while  
Because you smile.

MARION LAWRENCE.



### Work and Sing

**G**IVE us, oh, give us, the man who sings  
at his work! Be his occupation what  
it may, he is equal to any of those who  
follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness.  
He will do more in the same time, he will do  
it better, he will persevere longer. One is  
scarcely sensible to fatigue whilst he marches  
to music. The very stars are said to make  
harmony as they revolve in their spheres.—  
T. CARLYLE.



### The Joy of Life

**T**O watch the corn grow, and the blos-  
soms set; to draw hard breath over  
ploughshare or spade; to read, to think,  
to love, to hope, to pray—these are the  
things that make men happy; they have  
always had the power of doing this, they  
never will have power to do more. The  
world's prosperity or adversity depends  
upon our knowing and teaching these few  
things.—JOHN RUSKIN.



### Making Life a Song

**T**HERE are many people who live in  
circumstances and conditions of hard-  
ness and hardship, and who seem to make  
no music in the world. Their life is of that  
utterly prosaic kind that is devoid of all

sentiment, which has no place for sentiment  
amid its severe toils and under its heavy  
burdens. Even home tendernesses seem to  
find little opportunity for growth in the  
long leisureless days. Yet even such lives  
as these, doomed to hardest, dreariest toil,  
may and oftentimes do become songs which  
minister blessing to many others. The  
other day a working man presented himself  
for admission to the church. He was asked  
what sermon or appeal had led him to take  
this step. No sermon, no one's word, he  
answered, but a fellow workman for many  
years at the bench beside him had been so  
true, so faithful, so Christlike in his character  
and conduct, in his disposition and temper,  
that his influence had brought his com-  
panion to Christ. This man's life, amid all  
its hardness, was a song of love.—J. R.  
MILLER.



### The Cheerful Person

**G**OD bless the cheerful person—man,  
woman, or child, old or young, il-  
literate or educated, handsome or homely.  
What the sun is to nature, what God is to  
the stricken heart, are cheerful persons in  
the house and by the wayside. They go  
unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their  
mission, happiness beaming from their faces.  
We love to sit near them. We love the  
nature of their eye, the tone of their voices.  
Little children find them out quickly amid  
the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted  
brow and compressed lip, glide near, laying  
a confiding hand on their knee and lift  
their clear, young eyes to those loving  
faces.—A. A. WILLITS.



**S**EEL to cultivate a buoyant, joyous  
sense of the crowded kindnesses of  
God in your daily life.—ALEX. M'LAREN.



## THE QUIVER

### Shun Melancholy

**N**EVER give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after-life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects, and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others.—SYDNEY SMITH.



### It isn't Raining Rain to Me

*It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining daffodils;  
In every dimpled drop I see  
Wild flowers on the hills.  
The clouds of grey engulf the day,  
And overwhelm the town;  
It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down!*

*It isn't raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where any buccaneering bee  
May find a bed and room.  
A health to him that's happy,  
A fig for him that frets;  
It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets!*



### Which?

**W**HICH will you do—smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everyone around you miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face and speak pleasant words. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed; and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.—MARIE D'AGOULT.



### The Power of Optimism

**I**S there a contradiction between an optimistic mind and a sacrificial mind? I think not. I believe it was the optimism of Jesus that made Him sacrificial. If you ask me what enabled Him to pour out His soul unto death, I can only answer, "It was the glad view He took of humanity." You will find in your experience that the

optimistic nature is the sacrificial nature. You spend yourself in a cause in proportion as you have a gladdening prospect of its success. When we speak of Christ as bearing the burdens of His fellow men, we must never forget that it was because He was of all beings the most hopeful for man's glory. He gave His life for the world because none had so rosy a view of the world's possibilities. He was led on to Calvary by the vision of gladness that floated before Him—the vision of a redeemed humanity. No one had sacrificed so much before, because no one had hoped so much before. Christ is the prince of optimists.—G. MATHESON.



### The Sermon to the Birds

**M**Y little sisters the birds, much bounden are ye unto God, your Creator, and always in every place ought ye to praise Him, for that He hath given you liberty to fly about everywhere, and hath also given you double and triple raiment; moreover, He preserved your seed in the ark of Noah, that your race might not perish out of the world; still more are ye beholden to Him for the element of the air which He hath appointed for you. Beyond all this, ye sow not, neither do ye reap; and God feedeth you, and giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink, the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and the high trees whereon to make your nests. And because ye know not how to spin or sew, God clotheth you, you and your children; wherefore your Creator loveth you much, seeing He hath bestowed on you so many benefits. And therefore, my little sisters, beware of the sin of ingratitude and study always to give praises unto God.—"THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS."



### The Light of His Countenance

**T**HE way some people lay on their life layer after layer of blackness is pitiable; they nurse their grief for the wrongs of men till they have no pleasure but in brooding over darkness. Instead of that they ought to pray, "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." The moment we pray that prayer with full desire and yearning, we see that light—and beautiful it is. It awakens all life, all energy, and hope and thought. How swiftly when we see it we rise from the dead.—STOPIORD BROOKE.

[Selections sent in for Quotations Competition by MISS ALICE GEORGE, Watford.]



# "The Woman of No Romance"

## The Opinions of Readers

THE Prize of ONE GUINEA has been sent to

MRS. E. A. TURNER,  
Ardingly,  
Sussex,

for the following letter:

### PRIZE LETTER

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Woman of No Romance' is more interesting than convincing.

"We generally conclude that in every middle-aged unmarried woman's experience, hidden away by a dim vista of years, is a tender reminiscence of the might-have-been. Our sympathies go out to the 'Susans' who have desired homes of their own, and who are certain that the commonplace details of domestic life could never spell drudgery to them.

### The Match-making Mother

"But the match-making mother who for this end would scour the horizon for husbands for her daughters, has more energy than wisdom. Would not mothers and their sons wish to give these particular mothers and daughters a wide berth?

"If marriages arranged by parents answered in the long-ago, will they be equally satisfactory to-day? If ideal abroad, will they be so in England? Allowance must be made for national characteristics and temperaments.

"I cannot imagine our English young people getting married to order. Since there are many more women than men, what would be gained? A clever mother might quickly marry her 'Susans' off, but what about other people's 'Susans'?

### The Ideal and the Actual

"Marriage, though ideal, cannot be actual for every woman. Let mothers carefully train their girls to meet the duties and responsibilities of life; making the home atmosphere bright, without being gay; arranging a maximum of duty to a minimum of sheer amusement; making the words 'duty' and 'pleasure' interchangeable terms; giving boys and girls their chance,

by entertaining their friends; instilling the principle that love must be founded on respect; making character the standard, not money.

"Sterling worth, combined with true love, will surmount difficulties.

### The "Climb Up"

"The 'climb up' is well worth while. Children should not expect to begin where their parents leave off.

"Although not a happy hunting-ground, Church life and work afford good opportunity and sound basis for life-long comradeship.

"EDITH A. TURNER."

### OTHER LETTERS

Some hundreds of communications were received. It is only possible to give extracts from a few of the letters:

### What about the Dowerless Girl?

"The German and French system of arranging marriages, works, no doubt, in the cases of girls with some money, but what about girls who have no money? Has 'Susan Hamilton' ever, I wonder, had a glimpse into the life of the struggling, portionless girl in either Germany or France? She has little or no chance of getting married, unless she has some money, or a very substantial 'Aussteuer.' A German man accepts a girl as his wife only if she can pay a high enough price for the honour! A Briton does not want to buy his wife; he wants to win her.

"MARGARET SANGSTER."

### A Hint for Fathers!

"I think fathers, as well as mothers, should consider the future of their daughters, and try to let them meet young men who might make suitable husbands. In the families I know best, the fathers object to visitors, and show them they are not welcome. They have seen enough people while out all day, and want to sit silent and read all evening, not caring that the wife and daughters would like company sometimes. I do not think all the responsibility should be put on the mother. Surely the father has more chance of getting acquainted with young men whom he could introduce to his family. Fathers seem to think as long as they live their daughters should stay at home with them, and when the father dies they can get married. In many cases that is too late.

"What is wanted is that the fathers should be less selfish and consider the future good of their children, and plan accordingly; but how to make them so, I do not know.

"CARFAX."

### "If I had my Time Again!"

"I am a single woman, nearly forty years of age, and I have had my 'Romance.' I chose to tread the road of life alone because the man who 'asked' me did not in any way resemble the hero of my dreams.



## THE QUIVER

"If I had my time over again, I should leave the ideal, and take the man, because of the lonely years.

"Another man, who afterwards proved false to me, at that time I adored. The world was a very dreary place to me for years after that experience.

"I do not think a woman should marry unless she is prepared to make any sacrifice for her husband.

"THE WOMAN WITH A ROMANCE."

### Meet the Man Half-way

"Being another 'unappropriated blessing' at 60, I don't altogether agree with 'Susan Hamilton': with her fortune, her attractions in youth, and her wish for matrimony, she should not have remained single.

"District visiting, Sunday school teaching, or singing in a choir would have accomplished the end in view.

"At the same time, I agree with her in so far as giving young people advantages of meeting, and possibly she is right in suggesting that making of matches, as is done in France and Germany, would be a good idea for improving the race.

"What we need at the present time, are young wives who can do their own everyday work in a house. No wonder the men are backward in coming forward; they are animals who like well-cooked meals, also comfortable firesides and congenial companionship. All our girls seem to think about is how to get as much enjoyment out of life as possible—matrimony is too irksome. I believe, if you wish to get married, you have to meet a man half-way; he is a very sensitive animal, and cannot take a refusal with a good grace, so likes to feel sure beforehand.

"E. J. MURRAY."

### No Patience with "Susan"

"I sincerely trust that 'Miss Hamilton' exists only in the writer's imagination, for, honestly, I have no patience with her: standing with folded hands 'at her window for the best part of her life, waiting, like Micawber, for 'something to turn up.' God helps those who help themselves, and it strikes me forcibly that, if all the precious hours she wasted on dreams of 'the-might-have-been' had been spent in cheering the lives of those less fortunate than herself, she would have been an 'unappropriated blessing' in more ways than one to-day."

### Cease to be Slaves

"To solve the problem, we must cease to be the slaves of convention. We must free ourselves from the worldly and material aspect of marriage. We must enlarge the circle of possible friends. We must give greater facilities for young people to know each other before becoming engaged. But the match must be made by the parties concerned.

"H. CAMERON."

### Stop the Mad Rush for Pleasure

"This, surely, is not the day for disabusing the children's minds of the belief in love. That may have been necessary in former years, but this generation of strong-minded, educated, free womanhood can scarcely need the warning! . . .

"I fully agree that 'the women of the upper middle classes are amongst the fittest to continue the race,' and yet they are allowing the country to be peopled with the least desirable; not, as is sug-

gested, because they have had no chance of marrying, but because those who marry are too selfish to take up the holy responsibility. There is 'a slump in cradles' because the exchequer cannot keep both a motor-car and a bassinet. The opera is preferred to the music of little feet, and costly gems to the embrace of small soft arms.

"We must stop our mad rush after pleasure and teach our girls the true value of life. The ideal is not to be gained by reducing women to mere automats.

"BESSIE SALMON."

### Home Openers Wanted

"I entirely disapprove of the 'arranged marriage' remedy. The English and the Continental 'match-maker' are alike abhorrent. An English girl wants to be won, not presented! All she asks is that her life should be made natural by happy friendships with men and women of her own age.

"Women are wanted who will open their homes to young and old, married and single, that all may learn to know each other. More men would keep 'straight' if they entered real homes oftener, and simpler pleasures would be good for all.

"Male and female created He them,' is God's own law; and, surely, no woman, 'old maid' or matron, could experience a greater joy than the knowledge that beneath her roof has been born the love that shall build another home!

"JANE (Swanage)."

### From Canada

"I venture to state that the remedy suggested by the author is altogether inadequate. The average number of spinsters as compared with bachelors in the six better-class London districts is two hundred and sixty-eight to one hundred. A very elementary knowledge of arithmetic shows us that the introduction of French methods would result in no wise provide husbands for two hundred and sixty-eight horn damsels with only one hundred swains to choose from. The Turkish system would seem more applicable to the situation.

"Where are the young men from these districts? Providence does not send the sexes into the world in such disproportionate numbers. Is it not reasonable to suppose that they have gone to the colonies in search of fortune, or at least competence? In fact, hundreds of young men belonging to the great middle class of England are to be found in Canada, especially in the West, and—let me whisper to the 'Susan Hamiltons' of the present generation—the number of marriageable men there greatly exceeds that of marriageable women.

"Now for the remedy. Let the girls follow their brothers to the colonies. Is it impossible to a maiden who can do no more than stand at the parlour window? Perhaps; yet why is it more unmaidenly to cross the ocean and live under the British flag, among those speaking the same language and owning the same ideals, than to cross the Channel and spend one's life in moving from one cheap boarding-house to another?

"Susan Hamilton's' income would be quite sufficient to maintain her in comfort in any of our lovely country towns, and even to make her a person of importance socially.

"N. S. C."

"Middle Musquodabuit,  
Nova Scotia."





# The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON

Motto "By Love Serve One Another"

How, When and  
Where Corner,  
October, 1912

## MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

A nice fat parcel of books came to me the other day from our publishers, and before opening my letter box for your entertainment I will just mention three of them which have interested me. These longer evenings of the autumn make one yearn for additional volumes on our library shelves, especially if holidays from school have not yet ended and there is no "home work" to be done.

"Such decent type," was my first comment on the volume I picked up from the top of the parcel. This was a story for girls, by Katharine Newlin, with the title "Penelope Intrudes." The heroine is a very brisk, practical American girl, who comes over to England on a happy little mission of her own; I must not tell the secret of it, but all her adventures and the plucky way she goes to work to help a "lame dog" over a very big "stile" make a story book which will interest a good many of you, I fancy, if you have the chance of getting hold of it. And because of its clear print, which I have referred to already, it is a convenient book for hearthrug reading.

Win and Twin were two little sojourners in the Maoriland bush, and they thought at first that it must be Fairyland, so very beautiful was it. (Did you, *Marjorie* and *Irene Collier*, think so also?) How they looked for the fairy inhabitants; how a "really truly fairy" came along to their help, and the wonderful adventures the children had through her gifts, are all told in a daintily got-up volume called "Fairy Rings," by Edith Howes. You would all enjoy it, I am sure. And with Christmas coming so near you might like to

know just why we could not have more than one Christmas in the year; Father Christmas told Win and Twin the reason, as well as a number of other bits of news. But the curious folk among you must find the chapter for yourselves; I will not tell.

Did you ever think about the holiday-making that goes on in the summer months in the woods? I mean among the happy creatures who always live there. Probably *Peggy Allan* and some of you other keen Nature students could tell us all lots about it from what you have noticed; and you would be able to comment on one special chapter in "The Wood Folk at Home" more fittingly than I. This little volume is by May Byron, and the chapter I mean is called "Holidays." I had not thought about the moles and hedgehogs and rabbits as holiday-makers until I picked this book up. When next I have a day in the woods in the summer time I shall try to get a look in at some of the fun. I was reminded, though, that one of the hottest chases I have ever seen was between two squirrels in a pine tree at the end of the Killiecrankie Pass. It was on an October afternoon last year. I had walked through the Pass alone, in a beautiful sunny hour, when there was no wind and the only sounds all the way through had been the rush of the water over the rocks and the birds' merry-making. Then, just as I began to climb the hill-side to the road, I stopped to find the cause of a scratching and scrambling noise that was quite big in contrast with the peace through which I had come. I had not far to seek,

for in a tall pine tree just below, I saw two squirrels scrimmaging and tearing up and down after each other. I rather feared they were squabbling (do squirrels ever quarrel, please?). However that may be, I was fascinated, and watched for a good number of minutes; how they

Alison is delighted at the sale of the Badge so far. But she will not be quite content till all her Companions have one—or, at least, every Shareholder in the Scheme.



## THE QUIVER

managed to go the pace and not tumble off the tree was a puzzle.

And how much are these books each, does someone say? "Penelope Intrudes" is 3s. 6d.; "Fairy Rings" is also 3s. 6d., but net; and "The Wood Folk at Home" costs 1s.

### Letters from Here, There and Elsewhere

I know which of the month's letters you would all choose first to read did I give you the chance. It would be this from Violet:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am writing a few lines to let you know I received the scrap book. I thought it very pretty with nice scraps of poetry, and so neatly done. We don't go back to school till after Labour Day in September. One Saturday afternoon Helen, Marion—a little friend—and myself decided to go to the woods for a picnic by ourselves. So we each got our lunches ready and started. On the way there we met with some misfortune. Helen and I had clean dresses on, and our running shoes and stockings. Luckily Marion had boots and stockings on, and not a clean dress. But on the way there we got into some fields and got stuck in mire to our waists. Well, we waited till we got washed at a creek, then to the woods. After all this we had our supper and went home. And we did look sights! Please, Alison, kindly send me a QUIVER. Give the girls of THE QUIVER my love and thank them for their letters and cards. I must now bring this letter to a close. Fondest love from your little friend,

"VIOLET L.  
"P.S.—Please write soon, and please send me a QUIVER."

Did the frocks wash clean after that ducking? What funny little pilgrims the three girls must have looked! But what a blessing they all got out of the slough so well. Violet is really an excellent letter-writer, isn't she? Do you remember that she has now been two years in Canada? And what happy years they have been! And how splendidly she is getting on! Are you not all, Shareholders dear, very thankful for this result of the first investment of our Scheme? I think every reader of our Corner must just wish he or she had the joy of being a Shareholder. And in this it is not yet too late to join.

Marie Da Costa (Jamaica) is the writer of the next letter I take up. It contained an order for a badge as well as a gift for the Fund. "I am trying to get a few new members, and hope I will succeed. I have not seen Inez lately, but hope to go back to the country during my vacation. The school I now attend has 240 girls, and we have twenty girls in my Form," Marie says.

Next comes another donation from our good friend in Derby, Mrs. Gregory, and with it an order for one of our little brooches. Lizzie Ballingall's (Leven) note is also an order. And there are others.

Marian Hardy sent me a dear little letter just before going for her holidays to West Runton, that "dear little village" as she

calls it between Cromer and Sheringham. I know it well, and hope Marian had a very jolly time there. She was busy collecting money to send a cripple child to the seaside.

"If you wanted a good holiday"—(wrote Alexandra Maclean)—"I don't think you could get a better place for it than Morven. There are three old castles which would interest anyone, while at Kiel there is a very very old cross, put there by St. Columba when he came from Lismore. Kiel means 'cell,' and the whole name in Gaelic means 'the cell of St. Columba.' When St. Columba first saw Kiel he said he would make his next church there, and that is what the name Kiel comes from. In the churchyard the remains of his cell are still to be seen, and near by is buried a Spanish princess, taken off one of the Spanish Armada vessels which sank in Tobermory. Also there is the Wishing Stone, a big stone with a hole in it, which you go through three times and wish, and sometimes people's wishes are granted. The Dripping Cave is a large cave, from the roof of which water is always dripping. There is lovely scenery as well as this. I wish you could see it all, Alison."

I wish I could; I must try when I come to Oban, Alex. When shall we come to an end of all the places we should like to see, though?

### A Snowy Way in South Africa

Edith and Winnie Angove wrote from Ermelo (South Africa), each enclosing a gift for the V.F.:

"We are having sharp, frosty weather now," the former said, "and I do hope we shall have snow before the winter is over. It is nearly three years since we last saw snow, so you see, Alison, although the weather is so very cold, we seldom have the pleasure of snowballing. The morning after the last snow broke clear and beautiful; the land for miles round was white and dazzling to the eye. In the afternoon we went for a drive, and when we returned there was scarcely a patch of snow to be seen. Next Saturday my father and mother are going eighteen miles into the country to witness ploughing by dynamite. How are our three little Companions in Canada progressing? I am enclosing a P.O. order for one shilling for the Fund."

These two new members of ours have the letter-writing gift, and it is a pleasure to have their pictures of life in their corner of South Africa. More, please. And many thanks for the gifts.

### A Query from the West Indies

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I got my certificate quite safely, thank you. It is only this year I have begun reading THE QUIVER, and I do enjoy the Corner very much. I don't quite understand the Scheme. Isn't it just to take children from the Homes and send them to Canada to be educated, we supporting them all the time? Do they remain there for good? I am sorry to be so troublesome, but I just wanted to know. I've been trying to get some of the back numbers of THE QUIVER. If what I think about the Scheme is so, I think it is splendid, and will do what I can to help. I only came here six months ago. Dominica is called the 'beauty spot' of the West Indies. It is very mountainous and there are over three hundred rivers to be found. Roseau is the chief town. The natives all dress in French style, and the patois is used still. The industries carried on are chiefly cocoa growing and lime juice. Para rubber,





"Stepping Stones to Slender Beauty."

### Do as Thousands have Done.

IF you are inclined to become obese you must absolutely reject every kind of treatment liable to lower the system, and use the one true, natural remedy—Antipon, the only tonic and stimulating cure for obesity in any stage of development—the only remedy that, while rapidly reducing the weight to normal, literally kills the cause of the disease, and thus ensures permanent immunity from over-stoutness and the many evils arising from the obese condition. Thousands have found salvation in Antipon after years of suffering and when all other treatments have lamentably failed. And these failures have generally had very grave consequences, because the treatments included partial starvation, mineral and other poisonous drug preparations, and racking medicines extremely injurious to the mucous membranes of the alimentary tract. Many a sound constitution has been ruined by these reckless expedients for reducing weight.

There are specious treatments extant that chemists will not handle in their trade. One cannot be too circumspect.

Great medical authorities know and only sanction what is positively safe and reliable.

Antipon, reducer of weight and permanent obesity-cure *par excellence*, is also an extraordinary tonic; it strengthens the organs, especially those of the digestive system, after clearing away all signs of fatty congestion. It destroys the abnormal tendency to make fat to excess, renourishes the muscular system with the help of wholesome food, and thus makes firm flesh and shapely parts, free from needless fat. Facial fatty excess is removed without wrinkling.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c., or in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.





# WHEN JANE MADE UP HER MIND.

*A Quite True Story,  
told by her Husband*

## I.—Doing Up Covers and Curtains

JANE had been feeling downhearted. The coal strike had affected us badly, halving the income and doubling the expenditure, and the results of Jane's spring cleaning were extremely depressing.

The blue casement curtains, so carefully washed and ironed, looked faded and woebegone; and as for the cretonne cover on my favourite easy chair—well, Jane was simply vicious on the evening when she tied it into place after "doing it up" for the seventh year running.

"The aggravating bit of it is," said Jane, "that the stuff is as strong as when it was new; but just look at the colour! It's like—like"—and she caught her breath in a warning little sob—"like the middle part of a badly washed roller towel."

As with curtains and chair cover, so with sideboard cloth, table covers, and cushion slips; and my house-proud little woman, who had been reckoning on spending seven or eight pounds upon brand-new furnishings, couldn't seem to get the better of her disappointment, until one day—

One day, quite early in the morning, Jane was tidying up the books and papers in the sitting-room, when a magazine fell open at a certain page, and her eye caught the words, "PLEASANT CHANGES IN THE HOME," set in big letters along the top.

Jane stood right still and read it, and found that the pleasant changes all had to do with Drummer Dyes—the wonderful little magicians that will so change and beautify all sorts of faded and shabby curtains and covers so that nobody would think they were anything but new.

"That was enough for me," said Jane, "and when I found that the dyes and Dolly creams cost only a penny each—why, I made up my mind in next to no time, and before an hour had passed I had bought six penny Drummer Dyes from the grocer, and had slipped off that wretched chair cover, clean and ugly as it was, and had got it and the art linen sideboard cover and the miserably shabby table covers all in a heap on the centre table. Then I took down the blue casement curtains, and last of all down came the white curtains with crochet tops, because I thought that if my blue casement curtains were going to be dyed a pretty sage-green, then I would have the

short curtains cream for a change, and the Dolly cream seemed to be just the very thing to colour them a soft buff shade, not flaring yellow, and not mousey grey."

I quite expect Jane had a high old time of it, as she was just bubbling over with the joy of it all; and I shall never forget the proud look on her bonnie face when she dragged me into the renovated room almost before I had scrambled across the threshold.

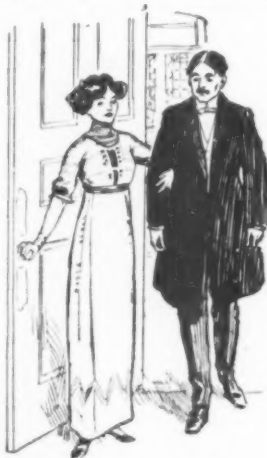
"There! John William Angus," she said, "there! And six penny Drummer Dyes did the whole lot. Now doesn't everything look almost as good as new?"

"That is because of the cunning way you used the dyes, you dear little witch," said I; but Jane declared that nobody could make a mistake in the use of Drummer Dyes.

"It is simple as simple," said she, "and there are full instructions on every penny packet. You may depend that this is only the beginning of the wonders I shall work in the home by the use of these wonderful little helpers."



"I slipped off that wretched chair cover."



"There! John William Angus," she said.

Cut out this Coupon and send name of grocer or store, along with six penny stamps, to

Messrs. W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd.,  
Bolton,

and you will receive by return seven penny Drummer Dyes and two Dolly Creams.

Drummer Dyes 1d. each,  
Dolly Creams 1d. each,  
Of all grocers and Oilmen.

Q.

Q.



## COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

too, is making rapid progress. How nice it is for us to meet each month. I think most of the Companions would prefer it far oftener all the same. I hope the children are well. Please accept the accompanying order for the Fund.

"With kind regards, yours sincerely,  
"HELEN BRIDGWATER."

Isn't that a cheery letter? I do feel glad when our new readers want to know the "ins and outs" of our Scheme. I wrote, telling Helen about it, as you will guess. But her questions suggest that I should like to give you the chance of winning some letter prizes by writing about our Scheme as if to someone who knows nothing about it. Each competitor should write a letter to some imaginary person who has not seen any of the past numbers of *THE QUIVER* in which our plans and work have been discussed, and tell your correspondent just as well as you can all about it. And instead of posting the letter to the other person, send it to me for me to judge. The letter must not contain more than 500 words, and I shall print the winning ones in our New Year's number. Make the letters interesting and newsy about "Our Three," that lots of readers will be made to want to join us. Please observe the usual rules.

I thought it exceedingly kind of *Marjorie Heard* (Southgate) to ornament her letter to me with a little sketch, underneath which was the message, "A breath of sea air from Lyme Regis." And it came on a day when I badly needed a bit of refreshment like that. Thank you, *Marjorie*. She was spending her holidays there, in a house just one minute from the sea. And after her return she sent in her card full of pennies for our Fund.

*Kathleen Collier* (Fairfield, Canada) was delighted with the badge. "It is so pretty, and it makes me quite proud to think that our Corner has a badge," she wrote. "We are having a very cold, damp summer."

Nearly all our holiday letters say the same: that it has rained and rained. *Frances Bennett* sent me a souvenir card of Newquay views, and her comment was, "We are having a nice holiday here, although the weather is so bad." I hope everyone managed to make the best of it, as *Frances* was doing.

With a postal order for the V.F. is a wee note from *Heriot Hughes* (Crouch End):

"I am sending you three shillings for the children. Some I saved from my pocket money, some I collected, and sixpence was picked up in the street. We are all going to Jersey for our holiday; we shall be away a month. We are going all the way from London by boat. I see Dover, Hastings, and Beachy Head as we pass, also some French towns as we get near to Jersey. I hope to do some blackberrying before I come home again. I have just got a big Puck given to me. With love from

"HERIOT."

Now, when you read this I shall be looking forward to a long account of the Jersey holiday.

This morning our Editor says we cannot have quite all the space we like this month, because he has so many articles to put in, so I must pull up, or I don't know what will happen. There is such a pile of letters and cards; I must simply say, "Thank you very much" to all the kind senders. If I even mention names then I shall have to hold over the competition results and all the stories, and to leave out the names of our new Companions, which you would not wish me to do, I am certain. We will have a whole big letter again, one of these months.

### New-comers' Welcome

Says *Dorothy Lawton* (age 10; Congleton):

"I should like to join the H.W.W.C. I have read your Corner for a long time. I enjoy reading about Violet, David and Lena in Canada, and all the other letters from the other Companions."

And from Reading *Dora E. M. Hopgood* (age 12) writes:

"I have been reading your letters in *THE QUIVER*, and think they are so interesting. I should so much like to become a member and feel I had a real part in the Corner."

Some historic stories about Reading follow this introduction, and they interested me. Thank you, *Dora*. I hope you will spread our Companionship in your town.

*Helen Strong's* cousin, *Violet Strong* (age 12), who lives at Beddingly, is the next new member. Please write to me, *Violet*; *Helen* will tell you the kind of letters I like. She knows so well.

We have three fresh Companions in Leven. They are: *Ronald McDonald* (age 10½); *Davine Drummond* (age 11); and *Nannie McDonald* (age 16). It is delightful to see our numbers increasing in this way here. Have you chosen a president and secretary for your group, Leven members? I think it is time.

From Sydney comes this letter. The writer is *Erica Welsh* (age 16):

"DEAR ALISON,—I have been a very interested reader of your H.W.W.C., and at last I have determined to join if you will accept me as a member. I am nearly seventeen and have left school this quarter. I am very sorry, because one gets to be fond of school, its teachers and girls. New South Wales is my country, and very proud of it I am. It is most delightful, and though I should like very much to travel, still I would always want to return to Australia. I have just spent a most delightful time up in the Blue Mountains at Leura. It was very cold; but I prefer the winter, as the air is more invigorating, and one can do twice as much walking. Though it was winter many pretty little wild flowers peeped out from among the ferns, and everywhere there was the glorious wattle; its golden blossoms could be seen for miles around. Towering over all the pretty



## THE QUIVER

wild things, as if to protect them, were the stately gums, all putting forth their new leaves and looking grand and beautiful. The tea tree showed bunches of starry white flowers. In one place I found the pink boronia, and in another a number of little waratah plants, all getting ready to flower in their season. There are so many small waterfalls to go to as well as the well-known places. One I am particularly fond of; it is a little place called Lyre Bird's Dell. There is a pretty little waterfall, and lovely ferns cover the rocks, whilst all around are the wild flowers and bushes; then you can see the stream made by the waterfall merrily running down a green, green valley. Well, I don't know if you will be interested in this letter, but I love the bush so dearly that I cannot help talking about it.

"Yours affectionately, ERICA."

We shall all feel we want to have the chance of loving it, too, Erica. Thank you for so much of a picture of what you have seen; I hope you will send me many longer letters. I am sending you our Foreign Letter Prize for October, and hope you will win others as time passes on.

Very many of you have complied with my wish in regard to the post card with birthday date; I hope everyone will do so soon, then I can complete the list. I had a big lot of picture cards among them, and they gave me pleasure.

### About the Fairy Stories

Let me say at the outset that our competitions are only open to Companionship members. Time after time papers are sent in by other readers, but I cannot consider them, however good they may be, for this reason. The right of entry is one of the privileges of our membership, and the rule cannot be broken.

On the whole the work in this competition was better than the last. I notice a decided improvement in some of the contributors'

entries. In a number of cases a good start was made, but the story was not worked up to any definite point, and ended too weakly to be put into the pile of "possible" winners. Thank you, all who entered. Please go on practising, even if you have not won this time; there is always a chance ahead.

Dorothy Jean Best (age 18; Aberdeen) and Alice Dalglish (age 18; Trinidad) carry off the first prizes in the Senior Division, and the second goes to Evangeline Steel (age 16; Cardiff). I am not criticising these stories here, but shall be glad to have criticisms from the writers as they appear (they look so different in print, don't they, authors?), or from other members. That will help you best, I believe. Dorothy's story appears on this page.

Very few stories came in from Juniors, I am sorry to say. Dorothy Powell (age 11½; Cardiff) is to have the prize in her Division. She has tried a very difficult subject. Tell me if you think she is right in her reason *why*. But some of her imaginings are quite pretty, and hers is certainly the best contribution sent in by members under fourteen. You were all very kind in sparing me the wicked aunts and horrid stepmothers, and other poor hackneyed people, against whom I protested. I know this made matters more difficult for you, but that is a good thing for you.

This must be good-bye. When you read this I shall probably be on holiday. Do let me come back to a big, big pile of jolly letters and many gifts for our Canadian children. Yours lovingly,

Alison.

## THE MAGIC NECKLACES

By DOROTHY JEAN BEST

THERE were once two girls who were the greatest of friends. One was very rich and the other very poor; but that seemed to make no difference to their friendship. They loved to be together and tell each other their secrets.

Sometimes they used to go and sit by the side of a great river, and there they used to dream dreams and build castles in the air. As they were sitting there one summer day a strange but beautiful figure rose suddenly from the water. She spoke to the girls in a voice which sounded very like the rushing of the river. This is what she said:

"Iris and Margery, I give to each of you a golden necklace, on which, for every noble deed you do, a jewel will appear."

After saying this the figure vanished, and the two girls were left with the necklaces.

"Let us meet here in a week's time and see if any jewels have appeared," said Iris. But Margery's heart was sad, for she had little money, and she knew that Iris possessed much.

When the week was ended the girls met on the river bank. Margery's necklace was sparkling in the sunshine, so bright were the jewels; but Iris's one remained as it was last week.

"Margery," said Iris, with tears in her eyes, "tell me what you have done?"

"That is what I cannot understand, for I seem to have done nothing. Mother was ill, and it took most of my time nursing her. Yesterday was the first day I had time to do anything, but I felt so tired. I tried to bake a cake for an old woman, but it did not turn out very good. As I was taking it up to her I helped a little girl to carry a heavy parcel up the hill."

"Well," said Iris, "I thought I had done quite a lot. I got father to give the poor people a treat. I did not go, for these things always tire me. Then I gave some money—at least, I left it for the servants to give—to the people who come begging, and I sent some more to another charity."

"Let us try another week and see if it will



## THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

be more successful," said Margery sadly, for she was sure there must be some mistake about the jewels.

As Iris was walking home she heard a cry, and, having a kind heart, she stopped to see what was wrong. A ragged little girl was bending over a small boy of about three.

"What has happened?" asked Iris.

The little girl replied, "He has hurt his foot, and is too heavy for me to carry up this hill. I don't like to leave him alone; he would be so frightened."

For a minute Iris hesitated. Supposing some of her grand friends passed that way, what would they think? Then she stooped down and lifted the boy in her arms.

"Where do you live?" she asked, "for I will carry him home."

When she reached her destination her arms were aching, for the boy was no light weight; but never had she received such a smile of thanks as the little girl bestowed upon her, and she walked away with a happy heart.

Suddenly she gave a start, for as she looked down her eyes were dazzled with the brightness of a jewel shining in the magic necklace.

### MORAL OF THE STORY

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 3).

## NOTES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

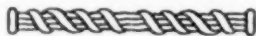
(a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.

(b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.

(c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join:



## THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

### The Cult of the Imagination

ALL know the Gradgrind school—people who will have nothing to do with fancy, who frown on all day-dreams, and will have nothing but hard facts—facts which they handle with a pole-axe as a butcher might a bullock. Poetry and fiction they reckon to be the chief deterrents of civilisation; a pamphlet on drains they hold to be worth more than all Shakespeare wrote.

Well, I dare say they have to live, though I cannot help qualifying that statement with a quiet mental note. A tipsy fellow had got into the railway carriage and tried his utmost to draw us into conversation, but in vain. One passenger seemed specially to irritate him. He would listen to all the other had to say, but would utter no word in reply, calmly smoking his pipe and gazing placidly at the chatterer, causing the latter at length to ask indignantly, "Why don't you speak? Why don't you answer me?" Slowly the questioned one took his pipe from his mouth and, looking benignly at his interlocutor, drawled, "It's because my owd mother used to say, 'Don't you never forget, my boy, that there's always some fools born, and somebody's got to put up wi' 'em!'" and not

another word would he say. This tabloid of wisdom exactly expresses my feelings concerning the Gradgrind school.

For I believe in imagination. I hold that the want of it is the greatest hindrance to the world's progress, and the chief drawback to good fellowship and all gentle philanthropies. I could enlarge upon this and prove how imagination has always been the good fairy of the inventor, how it has welded the most diverse races of mankind into true and brotherly unity—and a good deal more of the sort. But for my purpose at present I shall be satisfied with a concrete case. Here is an extract from the letter of a correspondent in South Australia:

"In spite of all the different charities and societies for helping the poor, how much more is still needed! It is hard for Colonials like myself to get any idea of the magnitude of the work. I have never been in a bigger town than Dunedin, and what comparison can it make! Even when we read figures it is not much help. We hear and know, but really cannot grasp all that such figures mean."

The writer is beginning to plumb the depths of a sterile imagination. Yet she is starting fair to counteract its influence by joining the Crutch-and-Kindness League and interesting herself in the poor child



## THE QUIVER

cripples of great London town. For any who would follow her good example let me give just a few Exercises on the normal condition of these wee bairns. It is, unhappily, easy to give the data, but these are useless unless the reader vivifies them by a kind and sympathetic imagination.

"A little cripple boy. He has just been at death's door with bronchitis, whooping cough, and kidney trouble. I saw the doctor who attended him, and he says the child will never be well, and he himself supplied Angier's Emulsion, as the parents could not afford anything."

"Margaret G. A very sad case. The girl has been ordered a very expensive walking instrument and boots costing £7. The mother, who is also a cripple, works very hard in order to contribute to this. The father is only a watchman, earning 21s. per week. Most respectable and deserving."

"Richard B., aged 7. Similar case to last. The mother is quite unable to contribute, her means being so very limited. The husband is a window-cleaner, earning only about eight shillings a week. There are six children, under thirteen years of age, who generally only get a piece of bread for their meals."

"Christian B., aged 5½. Suffering from a diseased spine, quite helpless, in splints, lying in a spinal carriage lent by the Ragged School Union. The visitor is very anxious for him to have a long holiday. The mother is a very poor woman (her husband having left her) and has to get along as best she can by chancing."

"Louisa L., aged 6. Suffering from curvature of the spine. Attending hospital. When our visitor called, the poor child asked for a doll. The mother is a widow with two children; very poor, but respectable."

And so on and so on. These Five-finger Exercises on the Imagination may serve for the nonce. Let anyone make a vivid picture in the mind of the surroundings of these poor little sufferers, the anguish of their parents, made all the keener by their love and helplessness, and I warrant that the uppermost feeling stirred within him will be the divine and primitive desire to help.

The difficulty with many kindly souls is in knowing how to help; they are themselves tethered by their business and home duties, while some live far away from the scenes of want. The Crutch-and-Kindness League gives the chance. All that it asks of its members is that each one should write to a cripple (whose name and address and particulars of "case" are furnished) once a month, or, if from any cause unable to write, to send a picture post card, picture book, or toy—something to interest the suffering child and show that he has not been forgotten. If the imagination has not already been strained too much with the Exercises given, it will find no difficulty in grasping the delight which such a letter gives to the wee ones, who often feel the saddest thing a child can feel—that he or she is forgotten. And anyone can take up this blessed work, wherever living, whatever sex or age. There is

but one fee for joining the League—one shilling—just enough to cover working expenses and the beautiful card of membership which is given.

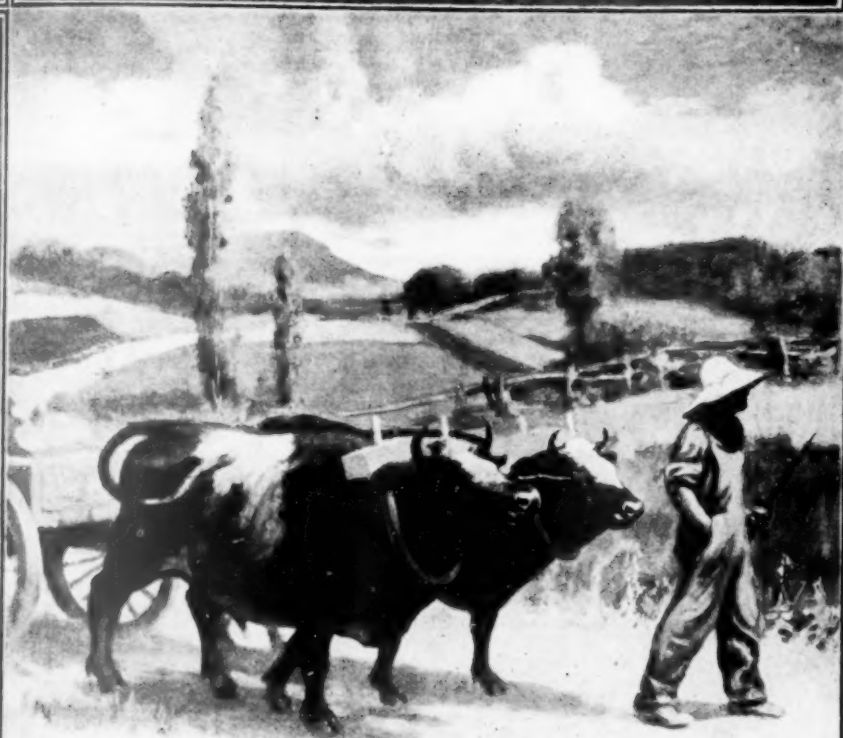
Some members, of their own good-heartedness, love to send their little lame protégés for a holiday once a year to the seaside or the country. I would but remind such that the good work will be going on yet for a month or two, the cost being—for one day in the country, 1s.; for a fortnight in the country, 10s.; for a fortnight at the seaside, 12s. 6d.

All further particulars concerning the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., by whom also donations for cripples' holidays will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

### New Members for the Month

Mrs. Ackroyd, Bodale, Yorks.  
Misses Maxine and Ruby Barham, Kingston, Jamaica; Master Mahmud and Miss May W. Beard, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Mr. Arthur Brown, Auckland, New Zealand.  
Miss H. Dyer, London, W.  
Miss May Edwards, Swanage, Dorset; Miss Elizabeth Edwards, Heswall, Cheshire; Miss Agnes Ellston, Clapham Park, London, S.W.; Miss G. Emmett, Bay of Plenty, New Zealand.  
Miss F. Hall, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.; Miss Margaret Hancock, Irby, Cheshire; Mrs. Miss Lois, and Master Dudley Hinks-Edwards, Heswall, Cheshire; Miss Gertrude Hobbs, Basingstoke, Hants.  
Miss J. Cowley T. Anson, Kadma, South Australia.  
Miss Nellie Key, Ecclesfield, Sheffield; Miss Annie Keyworth, Kettleby, Melton Mowbray; Miss D. Knox, Auburn, Melbourne, Australia.  
Mrs. H. W. McKee, Ontario, Canada; Miss Margaret Morrow, Belfast, Ireland; Miss E. Munro, Finsbury Park.  
Mrs. Odery, Paddington, Brisbane, Australia.  
The Hon. Mrs. Granville Ponsonby, Castries, St. Lucia, B.W.I.; Miss Gladys Porter, Bournemouth, Hants.  
Miss Mary Radmore, Swanage, Dorset; Miss Eileen Reynolds, Dulwich, London, S.E.; Miss Ethel Roe, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk; Miss A. Graham Ross, East London, South Africa; Miss Dido Ross, Auckland, New Zealand; Miss A. M. Robertson, Dunedin, New Zealand; Miss Gladys Ridley, Jarvis Brook, Sussex.  
Miss Lucy Shepherd, Kowie West, South Africa; Miss Smart, London, W.  
Master Reginald Tilling, Sask., Canada; Miss Edna Turri, Melbourne, Australia.  
Miss Dorothy Ward, Stanford Dingley, near Reading; Miss Mary Weeding, Timbridge Wells, Kent; Miss Marjorie White, Riverton, Southland, New Zealand; Miss Yetti Whitehead, Dunedin, New Zealand; Miss Joan Whitworth, London, S.W.; Miss H. Williamson, Wimbledon, Surrey; Mrs. and Misses Wilks, Parkstone, Dorset.  
Miss G. Vera Yates, Dulverton, Somerset.  
Miss J. I. Mantle, Miss Alizon Hocking, Miss Norah Mumbay, Miss Margaret Griffiths, Miss Aitken, Elmshurst, Fenchley. (Group 11)  
Mrs. W. M. Maclean, Mrs. Mackley, Mrs. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Loughman, Misses Mollay, Mrs. Haggitt, Mrs. Symington, Mrs. T. M. Macdonald, Mrs. Ott, Miss Roe, and Mrs. Howells, Invercargill, New Zealand. (Group 111)





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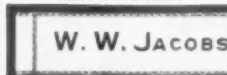
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# Sunday School Pages

## POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

OCTOBER 6th. JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA

*Mark vi. 45-56*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) Alone with God. (2) The troubled disciples. (3) The storm hushed. (4) Helping and healing.

### The Power of Prayer

A RECENT writer on the subject of prayer reminds us that "the men who have most fully illustrated Christ in their character, and have most powerfully affected the world for Him, have been men who spent so much time with God as to make it a notable feature of their lives. Charles Simcon devoted the hours from four till eight in the morning to God. Wesley spent two hours daily in prayer; he began at four in the morning. John Fletcher stained the walls of his room by the breath of his prayers; sometimes he would pray all night; always frequently and with great earnestness." Luther said: "If I fail to spend two hours in prayer each morning the devil gets the victory through the day. I have so much business I cannot get on without spending three hours daily in prayer." Archbishop Leighton was so much alone with God that he seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. "Prayer and praise were his business and his pleasure," says his biographer.

Our Lord has set us an example in the matter of prayer, and we know from experience that the poet's words are true: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

### The Master Hand

Master of the universe, Christ had His fingers upon all its keys. Even the winds and the seas obeyed Him. At the touch of His hand and the sound of His voice the elements sank into stillness. They recognised and obeyed the master hand.

It is told of a German lad that, coming under the influence of a great musician, he determined to build an organ for the village church. There were many to discourage his effort and to jeer at him for his pains; but he persevered in his task in spite of the ridicule, and slowly the instrument grew into form. At last it was finished, and the builder, moving his fingers along the keyboard, listened for the strains that would declare his success. But not a sound came from the organ, and dropping his head upon his arms, the disappointed lad broke into

tears. One day soon afterwards he heard that the prince of musicians, Sebastian Bach, was to give a recital at a town some distance away, and, traversing the distance on foot, he listened entranced to the wonderful music that flooded the building. The lad sat on, humbled and amazed at the magic touch of the renowned player, and then the thought came to him: "Oh, if only he would come and place his hands upon the keys of my organ, what music would come from it, and the world would then know that I had not laboured in vain." In fear and trembling he approached the famous musician, and, sobbing out the story of his task of love, he implored Bach to come and play upon his instrument. The great man agreed to the request, and fixed a day for his visit. Eagerly the lad returned home, spreading far and wide the news that the great Sebastian Bach was coming to play upon the organ he had built. The day arrived. The church was crowded, for the people had left their work to listen to the musician whose name was famous throughout the land. There was a hush as the player took his seat at the organ, his hands stretched over the keys and from the instrument that had before been silent there came a burst of divine music.

The master had come, and at his touch every hindrance fled; every key responded to his touch and did its appointed work.

OCTOBER 13th. CLEAN AND UNCLEAN

*Mark vii. 1-23*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The fault-finding Pharisees and scribes. (2) Christ's exposure of hypocrisy. (3) Our Lord's tribute to the law of Moses.

CHRIST had severe words for hypocrites. That men should pretend to be what they were not was a grave sin in His sight.

Hypocrisy is always despised by fair-minded men. Hypocrisy aims at deceiving — at getting credit where none is due. This is well illustrated in the story of a certain king whose subjects planned to give him a birthday party. It was decided that each should bring a bottle of his best wine as a present for the king. A large barrel was to be placed just outside the door, and as each entered he was to pour his wine into the barrel. One man, upon examining his stock of wine, decided that he did not



## THE QUIVER

have any more than enough for himself to last through the winter, and he therefore determined to fill his bottle with water, arguing with himself that no one would ever know the difference when his bottle of water was mixed with all the good wine. The king was delighted with the party, and in the course of the evening invited all his guests to gather around the barrel and drink to his health. What was his surprise on turning the spigot to see nothing but water! Every man had thought and done the same thing. While pretending to be loyal and generous they had proved themselves to be selfish and insincere.

### OCTOBER 20th. MISSION TO THE GENTILES

*Mark vii, 24-30; Matt. viii, 5-13*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The cry of distress. (2) The test of faith. (3) The blessing obtained. (4) Christ and the centurion.

WHEN Christ was near, the cry of distress always fell on responsive ears. Frederick Douglas, the great slave orator, once mournfully exclaimed in a public speech, when things looked very dark for his race: "The white man is against us. Governments are against us. The spirit of the times is against us. I see no hope for the coloured race. I am full of sadness." Immediately a poor old coloured woman in the audience rose and said: "Frederick, is God dead?" The question electrified the people, and they broke out in songs of praise, glorifying God.

Many of the people who gathered round our Lord were hopeless, except in so far as they thought He might have been able to help them. He was their last resort, and never did He fail them.

#### The Real Test

The best way to test a thing is to put it on its trial. That is what the people in the lesson did. They had faith in the healing powers of Christ, and they had faith enough to go to Him for succour.

The distinguished American clergyman and author, Edward Everett Hale, has told how he came to believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. He had not been brought up to

believe in the deity of Christ, but he did his thinking for himself, and at last he came one night in a little prayer meeting in Schenectady, where he lived, to the point where he made up his mind that the only way to find out was to experiment. And so he put Christ to the test and found Him true—as all others have done who have earnestly sought to find the truth.

### OCTOBER 27th. WANDERINGS IN DECAPOLIS

*Mark vii, 31 to viii, 10*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The deaf and dumb healed. (2) The hungry fed.

A BEAUTIFUL idea of the Jews was that an angel only lived so long as it served. Jesus Christ was always serving others, healing the deaf and dumb, and feeding the hungry. And so it was said of Him that "He always went about doing good."

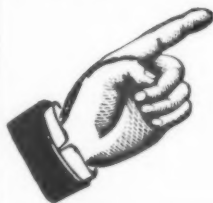
#### The Call of Love

Love was the ruling passion in our Lord's life, and all His acts of mercy were prompted by His great heart of love.

Two small boys signalled a street car one day, and when it stopped it was noticed that one of the boys was lame. With much solicitude the other boy helped the cripple on to the car, and after telling the conductor to go ahead, returned to the pavement. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the window, and at frequent intervals he was seen by the other passengers to be smiling and waving his hand. Following the direction of his glances, the passengers saw the other boy running along the pavement, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. At last a gentleman asked the lame boy who the lad on the street was. "My brother," came the prompt reply. "Why does he not come with you on the car?" was the next question. "Because he hasn't any money," answered the lame boy sorrowfully. The little runner was speedily invited into the car by the sympathetic questioner, and thus the little fellow who was sacrificing himself for the sake of his lame brother was himself rewarded by the act of another kind heart.



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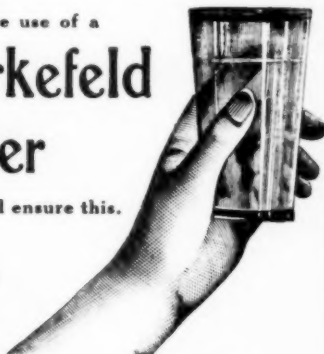
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## XXVI







# Books That Will Help

By THE EDITOR

SO many volumes are being poured from the press day after day that there is always the danger that the small percentage of really good literature may be swallowed up in the mass of indifferent books.

One finds it a task to choose just those volumes that are worth reading. Yet from time to time, amongst a deluge of non-descript matter, there comes a book that delights the heart of the reader, and fulfils a real mission of help.

I want to draw attention to a few volumes that have been published during the present season which should not be overlooked amid the mass of current literature.



## Life's Tangled Thread

FIRST of all, it is with pleasure I am able to announce that the very helpful little series on "Life's Tangled Thread," which Bishop Boyd Carpenter wrote a short while ago for THE QUIVER, has been issued in more convenient form. It makes a splendid booklet for gift purposes, the price being 1s. net. This little volume is written particularly for those who are perplexed by the inscrutable mysteries of life—suffering, calamity, the presence of sin in God's domain, etc. The four sections of the book deal with "Life's Problems," "The Tangles of Men's Making," "What Does Life Mean?" and "The Silver Thread of Faith." The Bishop's sympathetic exposition of the subject will be helpful to thousands.



## The Future of Evangelicism

WHAT is to be the future of Evangelicism? Will the fervour and power of the faith which we associate with its teachings pass away, or must those who would still be led by the light of its message close their minds to the developments of science and thought in this new generation? That is the theme of the Rev. R. C. Gallie's book, "Evangelicism: Has it a Future?" (Messrs. Cassell; 1s. 6d. net). Mr. Gallie traces the uprise of the Evangelical movement, deals with "The Secret of its Failures" and "The Secret of its Power." In a couple of chapters he gives an eloquent "Vindication of Evangelicism in Life and Literature," but he goes on to demonstrate that Evangelicism is at the cross-roads, and shows how its future life and progress depend on its attitude to two or three great problems of the present time. The book pleads for the warmth of the old evangelicism together with a wider intellectual outlook.

## A Young Man's Belief

ANOTHER volume appealing to those not quite certain of the signs of the times is "The High Road to Christ" (Cassell and Co., 2s. 6d. net).

In this "Popular Essay in Re-Statement," Mr. Roberts gives "the broad essential outlines of the faith of the Gospel as I hold it to-day," and "the main reasons why I hold it in the way I do." The brilliant young author of "The Renaissance of Faith" has been "through the mill" of doubt and difficulty himself, and faces the problems now prominent in the world of thought from the standpoint of actual life. The volume starts with "Right of Way for Faith," and then deals with "The Modern Return to God," "The Bible in a New Binding," "The Enduring Cross," "The Ends of Life," "Miracle and Prayer," etc.



## The Child's Bible

NOT all the contents of the Bible are suitable for placing before a child. "The Child's Bible," a cheap edition of which has just been published at the price of 1s. net, is an attempt to reproduce succinctly, and in the beautiful English of the Authorised Version all that portion of the Bible which may be expected to interest children. Such a book, as fathers and mothers know, has long been needed, and the present volume, with its bold and readable type, and its reproductions of works by celebrated artists, should meet with a lively demand.



## The Quiver Annual

LAST, but not least, may I remind readers that THE QUIVER Annual is now ready (Messrs. Cassell; 7s. 6d.). It consists of the volume completed with this number. Readers will find it most suitable for presentation. It contains one complete serial story, "Four Gates," by Amy Le Feuvre; there are fifty or sixty short stories by Annie S. Swan, J. J. Bell, George R. Sims, Charles G. D. Roberts, Ethel F. Heddle, Mary Bradford Whiting, Helen Wallace, Oswald Wildridge, etc., whilst special features are the Holy Land pictures; the series on "How shall I Study the Bible?" by Bishop Boyd Carpenter and Conson Kernahan's allegory "The Man of No Sorrows."

*The Editor*



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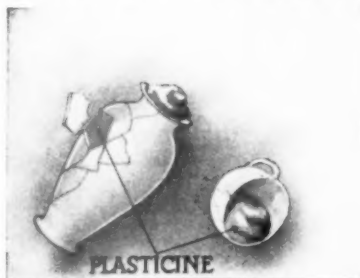
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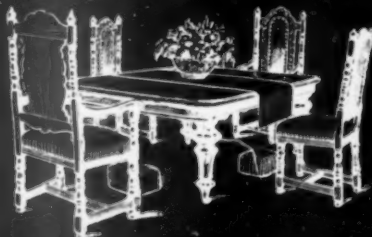
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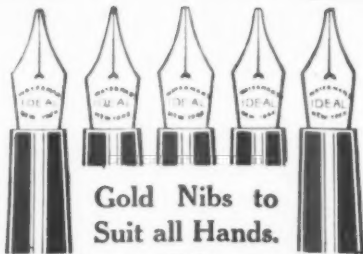


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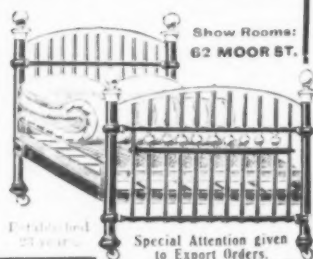
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